

With the Passionists in East Africa

Above and below: Interior and exterior of Church at Kurio.

Centre: Fr. Theodore, C.P., with a companion, about to set out on a journey by lorry.

(See "*Glimpses of Africa*," on pp. 468-473).

Nihil Obstat

JOANNES FITZPATRICK, M.A., D.D.,
Censor Dep.

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Archiep. Dublinen.

PASSIONIST

MARCH



ALMANAC

1937

DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 Mon.	Feria.	V. Rev. Fr. Paul Mary (Pakenham), C.P.—1857.
2 Tues.	Feria.	{ Bro. Mark (Cagney), C.P.—1914. Rev. Fr. Pancras (Byrne), C.P.—1930.
3 Wed.	Feria.	Rev. Fr. Constantine (Gregory), C.P.—1883.
4 Thurs.	St. Casimir, C.	Bro. James (Connor), C.P.—1909.
5 Fri.	The Holy Shroud of Our Lord.	{ Rev. Fr. Pius (Carolan), C.P.—1930. Bro. Henry (McGrath), C.P.—1935.
6 Sat.	SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, MM.	Bro. Kevin (Kavanagh), C.P.—1924.
7 SUN.	✠4th SUNDAY OF LENT.	
8 Mon.	St. John of God, C.	{ Conf. Edwin (Fagan), C.P.—1883. Conf. Theodore (Gavin), C.P.—1890.
9 Tues.	St. Frances of Rome, W.	Rev. Fr. Paulinus (Barton), C.P.—1917.
10 Wed.	The Forty Martyrs.	Rev. Fr. Felix (Hawarden), C.P.—1936.
11 Thurs.	Feria.	{ Rev. Fr. Marcellinus (Pim), C.P.—1847. Rev. Fr. Edwin (Gavin), C.P.—1890.
12 Fri.	The Five Wounds of Our Lord.	Rev. Fr. Linus (O'Reilly), C.P.—1895.
13 Sat.	Feria.	
14 SUN.	✠PASSION SUNDAY.	
15 Mon.	St. Longinus, M.	Rev. Fr. Francis (Bamber), C.P.—1883.
16 Tues.	Feria.	Rev. Fr. Ildephonsus (Gartland), C.P.—1895.
17 Wed.	✠ST. PATRICK, B.C., Patron of Ireland. H.O.	{ Rev. Fr. Michael (Watts-Russell), C.P.—1912. Bro. Anselm (Motteram), C.P.—1934.
18 Thurs.	St. Cyril of Jerusalem, B.C.D.	
19 Fri.	St. JOSEPH, Patron of Universal Church.	Rev. Fr. Laurence (Kieran), C.P.—1920.
20 Sat.	St. Joseph of Arimathea, C.	{ Bro. Andrew (Smith), C.P.—1848. Bro. Joseph (Van Riet), C.P.—1889.
21 SUN.	✠PALM SUNDAY.	
22 Mon.	Feria.	
23 Tues.	Feria.	
24 Wed.	Feria.	
25 Thurs.	HOLY THURSDAY.	
26 Fri.	GOOD FRIDAY.	
27 Sat.	HOLY SATURDAY.	
28 SUN.	✠EASTER SUNDAY.	
29 Mon.	2nd day in Octave of Easter.	Bro. Edward (Carolan), C.P.—1926.
30 Tues.	3rd day in Octave of Easter.	Rev. Fr. Aloysius (Bamber), C.P.—1869.
31 Wed.	4th day in Octave of Easter.	

Abbreviations: H.O.—Holiday of Obligation. M.—Martyr. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor. D.—Doctor.
V.—Virgin. W.—Widow.

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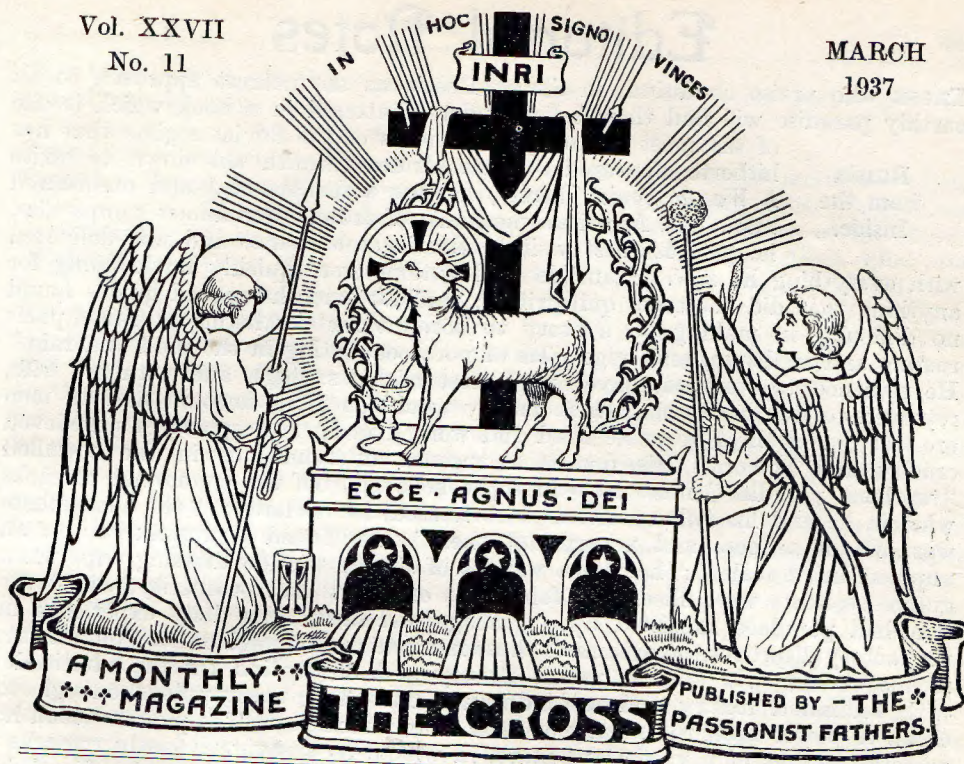
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The National Festival

In every land the thoughts of Irish exiles turn wistfully towards the home country when Ireland's National Festival draws near. At home, too, the Feast of the National Apostle is celebrated with fitting ceremony, and both Church and State unite in showing honour to St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. This is all as it should be, but we sometimes need a reminder that the feast has a deeper significance for the people of Ireland. It is not merely an occasion for speech-making and flag-waving; it is not to be observed solely by wearing the shamrock and indulging in ultra-patriotic sentiments for one day only; even the religious observance of the festival by attendance at Holy Mass does not exhaust its full significance.

To be honest with ourselves is a primary duty—and so the National Festival might well be made the occasion for national stocktaking, for a sincere and honest examination of our social conscience with regard to the discharge of our civic and social responsibilities. Too often do we find folk who are meticulous in the fulfilment of their private and personal obligations, but who fling to the four winds of heaven every vestige of right, justice and charity with regard to their wider obligations as citizens and members of the body politic.

The same moral law rules and must rule the whole life of the individual, both with regard to his private and his public responsibilities. The unjust employers, the extortionate owners of slum property, the corrupt civic officials, the time-serving politicians—these cannot be good citizens, for their activities poison the very well-springs of our national existence. The National Festival might well be an occasion for purging public life of such parasites.

J. Edmund, G.P.

Editorial Notes

THOSE who praise conditions in Soviet Russia as the nearest approach to an earthly paradise will find their beliefs rudely shattered in a book which is one

**Russia
from the
Inside.**

of the most damning indictments of the Soviet regime that has hitherto appeared. When Andrew Smith sat down to write *I Was a Soviet Worker*, he was a disillusioned and embittered man. An American mechanic of ardent Communist sympathies, he paid his first visit to Russia as a tourist and was delighted with everything he saw. Plausible explanations were quickly forthcoming for anything that did not seem quite right; and his smooth-tongued guides found no difficulty in making up a story to account for "valuable machine parts rusting and in disuse, and huge piles of potatoes rotting in the mud and rain." He returned to America, gave away most of his savings, and with his wife, returned to live in Russia, where money would be of no account and all men are free! For three years he lived and worked in an atmosphere of unrelieved cruelty and horror. His first-hand account of conditions in the so-called "workers' paradise" must be read to be believed. Of the communal barracks wherein he and his fellow-workers were housed, he declares: "the atmosphere was one of sadness and misery unbroken." He found "prostitution on an unprecedented scale"; he was a witness of similar window-dressing trips when gullible tourists were filled with fairy-tales of plenty and prosperity, whilst the famished populace subsisted upon garbage and filth. His daily experience in the factory disproves the dreams of those innocents who imagine that Communism means equality for all. It means slavery and destitution for the multitude, with unlimited luxury and self-indulgence for those unscrupulous enough to climb to power upon the misery of their fellow-creatures. The picture which he presents is that of a vast Slave-State, in which, as a reviewer justly remarks: "the gulf between wealth and poverty is far wider than is to be found in Western civilisations."

* * * *

SINCE we penned our note last month about the activities of the "Left Book Club" some further developments have taken place. A great rally organised

**More
about the
"Left Book Club."**

at the Albert Hall, London, brought together what the *Universe* has justly called "a new Marxist Army." The "Left Book Club" now numbers more than 40,000 members, less than twelve months from its foundation; week by week it collects 40,000 half-crowns from groups of enthusiastic young men and women throughout England and Ireland; and month by month it distributes 40,000 volumes of the most subtle Communist propaganda into the very homes of the people most susceptible to its influence. If anyone is in doubt as to what kind of books are distributed, an Albert Hall speaker was kind enough to provide enlightenment. "We want books to do, for the time in which we live" he said "what the books of Lenin did for the time in which he lived." Other speakers stressed the need for unity of knowledge and unity of action, and a subtle invitation was issued to non-members in the announcement that "unanimity for ultimate aims is not needed; but unity for immediate jobs." This, of course, is the well-known tactic of the "Popular" or "United Front," in which the ultimate Communist aim is subordinated to a temporary unity with diverse elements, which are quickly thrown overboard when the time for action arrives. "Our theory is a manual of action" wrote Lenin, in a well-known phrase—and the manuals of the "Left Book Club" are not destined merely for a theoretical purpose. These books circulate in the Free State; our postal authorities could doubtless supply partial lists of subscribers—and we know that the appearance of certain names on that list would cause some surprise. Meetings of the "Left Book Club" are held in Dublin for the discussion of suitable topics. What members are present? What do

they talk about? Is the "manual of action" already being prepared? We should like to know.

* * * * *

GERMANY'S unequivocal demand for a revision of the Colonial mandates of the Versailles Treaty has focussed public attention very sharply upon the question of colonies. In presenting her case for the return of the former German colonies, allocated to the victorious Allies after the

**Colonial
Exploitation.**

Great War, Germany appeals to her former success in exploiting the colonies as a proof of her genius for colonisation. Other European nations have also played their part in colonial exploitation, and for the most part the record makes sorry reading. It is a story written in blood and tears, a story of inhuman oppression which cries to heaven for vengeance. In the Italian edition of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," under the title *Lacrime e sangue*, some facts and figures were published, which might be dismissed as an exaggeration were they not so well attested. Forced labour and covert slavery still exist on a widespread scale. In the construction of the railway at Brazzaville, the native population was decimated by the system of forced labour employed. The district of Gribingui lost 75 per cent. of its male population; from Likonala-Messaka, 1,200 men set out and only 429 returned. One hundred and forty kilometres of railway were constructed at the cost of 17,000 lives—and three hundred kilometres remain to be finished. A missionary in South Africa relates that the employees of certain rich mining combines received a salary of £2 per month, one-half of which was immediately expended on food and lodging. The miserable pittance remaining was insufficient to procure the necessaries of life, so that, in 1926, out of 1,000 children born the deaths amounted to 947! Such callous and criminal cruelty is indefensible and will provoke a heavy reckoning at the hands of those who must suffer in silence.

* * * * *

FROM a French contemporary we learn that it has been decided that the model French village, one of the features of the Paris Exhibition of 1937, will not have a church. Visitors who frequent the Exhibition after its opening

**The Village
without
a Church.**

next May will thus be treated to a unique spectacle—a typical French village minus its most typical feature. The gentlemen of the Masonic Lodges, to whose secret decisions this significant omission is due, still regard the characteristic church-steeple of the French countryside as an obstacle to the complete laicisation of the State. It is hard enough for these anti-clerical zealots to see the Papal colours floating over the Catholic Pavilion at the Exhibition, but to allow a church in the model village would be too much for their delicate sensibilities! Meanwhile, the merry game of chasing out the religious orders continues in France. Some time ago the "Red" Mayor of Poissy, a Paris suburb, dismissed the nuns from the local hospital. This month another Communist colleague followed his example, and turned out the nursing nuns from the hospital at Oyonnax, a little industrial town in the Jura. Some 5,000 inhabitants assembled at the hospital gates to cheer the nuns and to manifest their indignation at this mean act of anti-clerical fanaticism. Women broke through the cordons to embrace the Sisters and to bid them farewell.

* * * * *

THESE underlings, who indulge in petty tyranny, take their lead from higher quarters. Mlle. Suzanne Lacore, Assistant Minister for Public Health, has gone out of her way to deliver public attacks upon French religious orders, which continue to perform such heroic work for the relief of the poor and the infirm. These she has stigmatised as "parasitical formations of the social organism, . . . whose sole care is the political or the religious proselytism of those who come under their care." Against this outburst, let us relate the story of Sister

**It Wasn't
in the
Papers.**

Athanasius of Elbeuf—a story which wasn't in the papers. Under her supervision three children were taking a shower-bath, when suddenly the hot-water tap burst under pressure, and a jet of almost boiling water shot forth. Without a moment's hesitation, the nun cupped her two hands over the burst pipe and called for assistance. When help quickly arrived the little Sister was almost unconscious, her two hands literally cooked in boiling water. In spite of her intense pain, she first reassured herself regarding the children, and then insisted upon going to inform the Superioress of the occurrence, before being removed to hospital for attention. Thanks to her heroism and presence of mind, the children escaped almost unhurt, only one of them receiving any injury. As we have said—it wasn't in the papers! The marriage-scandals of Hollywood, the vulgar display of notoriety-hunting cinema-stars, the sordid details of murder-trials or divorce-cases make front-page news for our up-to-date journals. But this little tale of heroism by an unknown nun is not even worth printing! It's a sad commentary on popular taste.

Good Friday

*O tree that stood
Erect and lovely in thine early years—
Thou could'st not stop the vicious hands that felled
And made of thee a rack of pains and fears—
A shameful Rood!*

*O hill He made
That rose in grandeur from green bosomed earth—
Thou could'st not quell the venomed force that chose
Thee for the scene, and saw with bestial mirth
Thy lack of shade!*

*O streams that burst
In freshing coolness from a myriad springs—
Thou could'st not reach the parching Lips that broke
The silence with His laboured murmurings—
His sad "I thirst!"*

*The more must we—
Poor sinners, stem our rush for earthly gain
Cluster more lovingly beneath His Cross
Share for one trivial hour His ardent pain—
His agony!*

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ROSE A. CARTER.

A Key to the Lay Apostolate

*****@*****

JOHN F. POWER

=====3=====

Catholic Action must be shown to be an integral part of the life of the Catholic laity. To accomplish this, St. Paul's glorious conception of the Mystical Body of Christ must be better known and more deeply understood :: ::

=====3=====

THROUGHOUT the whole Catholic world the words "Catholic Action" are familiar. Sermons, articles, books and lectures have poured from lip, pen and press in order to make these two words better known and understood. Yet to-day it is very problematical whether Catholic Action is really understood in spite of the many efforts which have been made by lectures, study-circles and rallies. If our speakers, writers and preachers had succeeded in their efforts, then surely we might expect a greater result than that which has actually been achieved. All praise to those who have done so much to make this great Crusade of the 20th century better known; but it must be confessed that despite their labours Catholic Action to vast numbers of our Catholic laity conveys but little. There is here, as in so many departments of life, the danger of a slogan becoming a veritable danger to the very cause which it seeks to serve!

So often we men and women become hypnotized by words. We talk so much ABOUT a particular thing that we mistake the talking for the thing itself. Here, in this question of Catholic Action, we may well consider whether we have not been guilty of this mistake. There has been so much said on the question of the Lay Apostolate that many of us have allowed ourselves to mistake the means for the end. Undoubtedly we need preparatory instruction, we require definite guidance. Lectures to clarify our thoughts, sermons to show us our duty, rallies to stir up our zeal and enthusiasm are all necessary at the outset that we may grasp what is meant. But this work has been progressing for some time, and now we should be in a position to show the fruits of this period of preparation. The pity of it is that the fruits are so few and the results so negligible when compared to the work done in the preparatory stages. Few of us are satisfied with the results and we wonder why these efforts to make Catholic Action a Living Flame have achieved so little. For the one individual who is working in the ranks of the Lay Apostolate we can count ten or twenty to whom Catholic Action means nothing or, at most, a name. Why is this?

The mistake, if we may term it such, has certainly not been a conscious one. Rather does it seem to have been due to lack of thought on the part of those of us who have been most enthusiastic in the Cause. We have allowed ourselves to become hypnotized by our slogan, and have overlooked a most essential factor without which our lectures, writings, books and sermons have become devoid of that spark of Life which is necessary to inflame the zeal and the enthusiasm of our fellow-Catholics.

The mistake has been a bad psychological one. In our own enthusiasm we have omitted to look in the right direction for the key to our difficulty, and we have not realised what was most needed to make Catholic Action a Real, a Vital concern to all Catholics. Instead of providing the necessary background to the whole question of the Lay Apostolate we have busied ourselves with long and detailed accounts of what Catholic Action *was*, how it should be accomplished without giving to our fellow-Catholics that most necessary basis of most concern to THEM. Namely, WHY should I, as an individual layman or laywoman, concern myself with Catholic Action—and what CLAIM has this Apostolate upon me?

To answer that our Holy Father the Pope has called them to this apostolate will be sufficient for the few, the zealous ones; but it will not be enough for all

those to whom the Call has been given. The Apostolate of the Laity must be made an integral part of every Catholic life, and we can bring this about in one way only. We must turn to the teaching of the great Apostle, St. Paul, who was not only a great teacher but a shrewd psychologist. He knew his fellow-men and he knew the best methods of making them realise those truths which he taught.

It is from this Apostle that we can obtain the key to our problem. We must show our Catholic laity that Catholic Action is of concern to each and every Catholic because he *is* a Catholic. Catholic Action **MUST** be his or her concern because each of us is a *member of the Mystical Body of Christ!* That is our key to the Lay Apostolate.

All talk of the *how* or the *when* can wait. What we **MUST** do is to give the background to the whole scheme of Catholic Action by showing it to be no mere work of supererogation, not the adding to the ordinary life of a Catholic of something which he or she may or may not like. Catholic Action must be shown to be an integral part of the life of the Catholic laity.

This can only be accomplished by making St. Paul's glorious conception of the Mystical Body of Christ better known and more deeply understood. It transforms the Catholic man or woman into an entirely different being. For example, too many of our Catholic layfold regard the Church as an organisation, of course Divinely Founded, in which there are the Pope, the Bishops and the Clergy together with the Laity as a *sort of afterthought*. When many of our Catholic men and women think about the Church they picture to themselves the Holy Father, the Hierarchy and Priesthood plus a miscellaneous body of people—the laity. In their imagination the latter are a sort of fringe added to the Church. A mere passive addition which receives those Graces needful from the Church through the channels of the Sacraments, but which has little or no obligation to return.

This false view must be eradicated. If we hope to make enthusiastic and zealous lay apostles we must attack this erroneous outlook which is all too prevalent. The laity are **NOT** a mere fringe; they are **NOT** an afterthought nor a mere passive addition. They are members of the Mystical Body of Christ, and as such have their own particular place and work to do in that Body. We must change the outlook of those who have held back from the ranks of the apostolate and must replace wrong ideas as to their position in the Church by showing clearly what St. Paul's teaching implies.

The Church is not a mere organisation but an **ORGANISM**, a Living Thing. It is Christ's Mystical Body and every member of that Mystical Body is united by Grace with Christ the Head of the Body. Each individual soul is a Live Cell with its own work to perform for the good of the whole Body. Every Catholic must, if alive, *function*. *Life expresses itself in Action*. We now begin to see the transforming power of St. Paul's tremendous doctrine. He cuts across all mere selfishness and individualistic ideas and opens up to every member of the Church a conception of their place in it which cannot fail to change their whole life.

Once this doctrine is well grasped Catholic Action follows quite naturally and almost without notice. The place of the Laity in the Church having been changed from a passive, secondary position to one in which an active, vital function is performed must result in a great desire to exercise that function.

The doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ will also dispel that most dangerous of all mental outlooks, that because God has not called the man or woman to the priesthood or religious life, therefore they have "No Vocation," and hence no direct concern with the work of the Church. If we can but "popularise" the glorious teaching of St. Paul on the Mystical Body then we can show very clearly and emphatically that **EVERY** Catholic has a Vocation. Not that every Catholic has a Vocation to the priesthood or to a religious order,

but that by very reason of their membership of the Church which is Christ's Mystical Body they have a Vocation, which *for them* is as important as the Holy Father's to him, the Bishop's to him, or the Vocation of the Priest or Nun to them. Each, as a member of the Body of Christ, has a place in that Body and a definite work which they must perform because of that membership. Not all are teachers, priests, bishops, but all have a very necessary work according to the Vocation which is theirs. It is not a case of a higher or lower Vocation but of every Catholic, through his or her membership of the Mystical Body of Christ, being possessed of a definite function in the Living Body which is the Church.

There is a growing realisation that the doctrine of St. Paul on the Mystical Body of Christ must become the key to the whole of the Lay Apostolate. Without this key we are in grave danger of missing the most important factor of all, namely the position of the layfolk in the Church. It is because of misconceptions on this point that we have been unable to kindle a vital spark of real interest in the Lay Apostolate. If we can show each of our Catholic men and women that by very reason of their Catholicity they are therefore a real and necessary force in the Church then all false ideas as to vocation will cease. The old excuse of "That's the priest's work," or "I'm no good at that sort of thing" will likewise be silenced when their *organic* function in the Church is understood.

Space does not permit of our showing the detailed application of this key to the Lay Apostolate. That may be possible later, but sufficient has been written we think, to show the transforming possibilities of this doctrine. Unless we lay a sure and solid foundation, then enthusiasm and zeal may easily fade. If we bring home to the individual Catholic the fact of his organic relationship to his fellows, his *living*, active participation in the work and Life of the Church, then we need have little fear for the future of Catholic Action.

Once the outline of St. Paul's teaching is firmly held, then much that was vague before becomes clear and obvious. The Missions, the Liturgy, the Social Question, the Catholic Press all take on a new meaning because they are not now viewed as isolated, far-off and "foreign" matters, but as expressions of the activity, unity and Life of Christ's Mystical Body in which the Layman has his place and work because of his organic relationship to Christ, the Head of the Body.

Passionist Missions and Retreats

IRISH PROVINCE—LENT, 1937.

Our Lady of Lourdes, Cardonald, Glasgow	FF. Gerard and Albert.
Kiltimagh, Co. Mayo	FF. Terence and Paschal.
Holy Rosary, Harold's Cross, Dublin	FF. Austin and Hilary.
Hawick, Roxburghshire, Scotland	FF. Dominic and Aloysius.
Sacred Heart, Oldpark Road, Belfast	FF. Colman and Casimir.
St. Laurence O'Toole's, Seville Place, Dublin	FF. Kieran, Albert, and Livinus.
St. Joseph's, Pilot Street, Belfast	FF. Gerard and Enda.
St. Joseph's, Berkeley Street, Dublin	FF. Herman and Sylvius.
St. Joseph's, Mayfield, Cork	Fr. Austin.
St. Mungo's, Parson Street, Glasgow	FF. Frederick and Matthew.
St. Paul's, Mount Argus, Dublin	FF. Albert and Isidore.
St. Teresa's, Glen Road, Belfast	Fr. Casimir.
Holy Rosary, Ormeau Road, Belfast	FF. Richard and Ignatius.
St. Brigid's, Derryvolgie Avenue, Belfast	FF. Daniel and Paschal.
National Army, Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare	FF. Terence and Edmund.
Civic Guards, Metropolitan Division, Dublin	FF. Daniel and Ultan.
Hannastown, Belfast	Fr. Kieran.
Cabinteely, Co. Dublin	Fr. Colman.
Foxrock, Co. Dublin	Fr. Austin.
St. Kieran's, Campbelltown, Argyllshire, Scotland	Fr. Owen.
Sacred Heart, Cork	Fr. Vivian and Celsus.
Dumdalk, Co. Louth (Triduum)	Fr. Edmund.
Children, St. Louis Convent, Middletown, Co. Armagh	Fr. Richard.
E. de M., Baldoyle, Co. Dublin	Fr. Edmund.

Glimpses ~ ~ of Africa

.....@.....

REV. FR. THEODORE, C.P.

A vivid account of the daily round of duties in the African Mission-field. The Missionary must be, by turn, a builder and a traveller. So the work of saving souls goes on in spite of difficulties of every kind :: :: ::

IN this article I am going to try to give some idea of the actual daily work of our Missionaries. It will be understood, of course, that in a Missionary Diocese the work is so varied and the demands on the time and energy of the Missionary so many that it won't be possible to give more than a general broad outline. What I have called a "Missionary Diocese" may be either a Vicariate Apostolic or a Prefecture Apostolic. It is outside the scope of the present article to do more than indicate that the former is ruled by a Vicar-Apostolic, who is usually a Bishop; and the latter by a Prefect-Apostolic who is not a Bishop. The part of Tanganyika entrusted to our Fathers is a Prefecture-Apostolic.

It is, roughly speaking, about three-quarters of the size of Ireland. The personnel consists of 15 Priests, 6 Brothers and 10 Sisters. Of these, 3 Priests and a Brother have just arrived, and won't be able to take up work for some months yet. At present there are in the Prefecture six Mission Stations, corresponding to our parishes at home. So in our "diocese"—three-quarters of the size of Ireland—there are only six parishes! In four of these there are two priests, and in the other two—one only. Besides, there are the Prefect-Apostolic, the Religious Superior and a Secretary. Each Mission Station, called a Central or Head Station, has a number of "out-stations," forty or fifty or even more; it is through these out-stations that the real missionary work is done. The aim of each Central Station is to open up as many of these out-stations as possible. Unfortunately, as we are situated, such increase must be very definitely limited. It is useless, and indeed harmful, to open up new centres unless there is a probability that they can be visited periodically. With two Fathers only in a Central Station, one of whom must—ordinarily speaking—remain "at home," it will be readily understood that the visiting of an unlimited number of out-stations is impossible. Some of them lie a journey of two days or even more from the Head Mission, and the majority of them are situated in out-of-the-way places which can be reached only on foot. And yet they must be visited. It is definitely harmful to leave an out-station, especially if it is at a long distance from the Central Mission, to itself for protracted periods. Usually there are only a handful of Christians, some Catechumens and school-children, many or few according to the tribe, all presided over by a "Catechist." The Catechist is school-teacher, catechism-teacher and general guardian of the "Christianity"—a name frequently applied to the out-stations. Unfortunately "school-teacher" is a euphemism. Our great problem, which must be tackled without delay, is the formation of a band of trained Catechists. They play a most important role in Missionary work, and unless they are given some education and trained to the serious duties they have to undertake, there can never be much hope of real progress in a Mission.

This, then, is the frame-work within which the Missionary labours: the Prefecture-Apostolic, the Central Stations and their sub-Stations. As I have mentioned, already there are usually two priests assigned to a Central Station, and—if numbers permit—a brother. There is a house for the priests and the brother, another for the Sisters—if there are any—a church and a school. These various buildings are as good as circumstances permit, which means in some cases

that they are constructed of mud and wattles, or of sun-baked bricks with a roof of straw. Not one of our present Stations is definitely well-off in the matter of buildings, and at least two of them are very badly-off. This necessarily means building operations in practically all the Stations and more work on the already well-burdened shoulders of the Fathers. At Bahi, there is a house for Sisters being built; at Farkwa, the Father and Brother are building a house for themselves; at Kurio, there is a fine church slowly taking shape; at Bihawana, a house for the Sisters, and at Haubi, a house for the Fathers. These various building operations, especially when taken in conjunction with the visiting of fifty or so out-Stations and the attending to a hundred and one odd jobs that are continually cropping-up at Central Station, leave very little time to the free disposal of the Fathers.

The work of the Central Station is to a very large extent parochial. This



FIRST COMMUNICANTS AT KONDOA.

The residence of the missionaries may be seen in the right background.

is understandable when one realises that there may be up to seven hundred or even a thousand Christians within a radius of a few miles from the Mission. To attend to the spiritual needs of these Christians is enough to tax the energies of the most zealous of Missionaries. Besides, there is always a number of Catechumens—or Pagans preparing for Baptism. All these Christians and Pagans—bring their troubles to the "father" to be settled. "*Shauri*" is one of the first words a newcomer learns. He hears it continually. It means advice, and is usually referred to the discussion—always long-drawn-out—which precedes the giving of advice, or judgment, as the case may be. After Mass on a Sunday, and more especially on a First Friday, when the Catechists from the various out-stations gather at the Central Mission, there may be dozens of these *Shauris*. When the last one is finally disposed of, the Father does not feel fit for much else for some time. Besides, there are the ordinary parochial duties—sick-calls, baptisms, marriages, etc., to be attended to.

So much for the Headquarters of the Station. It usually falls to the lot of the second Father in the Mission to visit the out-stations. He tries to get round as many as possible during the dry season. In a previous article I tried to give some idea of the difficulties of travel during the rainy season. Visiting the stations during that time is very often out of the question. Previous to setting out, the Father arranges with some of the Christians to carry his necessary baggage—altar, bed, food, etc. Ordinarily there are three or four “porters” sent from the station to which the Father is going. If it can be reached by bicycle, he sends on his porters in advance. Very often the only way of reaching it is on foot. The centre of the station is the “school.” There is always a school no matter how poor it may be. Here it is that the Father hears confessions, says Mass and gives Holy Communion. Sometimes it happens that the school is held in the shade of a tree! In which case, Mass is said in a tent which forms part of the travelling outfit. After Mass, the Father attends to the numerous *Shauris*, and then inspects the school. In most of the schools Catechism is the principal subject, though in all of them at least the elements of reading and writing are taught, and in some, a definite school course is given. Afterwards—usually about one o’clock—dinner is served in picnic fashion—very!—and unless he intends giving two days or more to the station, the Father sets out for another, where the same procedure is repeated. He may be on his rounds in such fashion for weeks at a time. There are, of course, a number of stations that can be visited directly from the Central Station either by bicycle or on foot. In this case, the visiting Father sets out before sunrise—about five o’clock or earlier—goes through the same programme described above, and returns to the Central Station some time in the afternoon.

I have mentioned the building operations that are going on at all the stations. It is the duty of the Brother, principally, to direct the work, though the Fathers are at times architects, master-masons, and even labourers. The ordinary labour is carried out by the natives, but they can very seldom be left to themselves for even the simplest work. It is certainly better to superintend all work that is done. Add to this the constitutional objection of the native African to work of any kind and some idea of the difficulties attendant on building operations in Africa—Missionary Africa—may be formed.

The approach of the rainy season reminds me that life in Africa is not always as quiet and peaceful as it has been for the past four or five months. The rainy season is the season of adventure. Experiences on African “roads” lend themselves to thrilling descriptions—afterwards! At the time they are anything but thrilling.

A word about the Seasons. The familiar Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter are only memories here. Roughly speaking, there is comparatively little change from January to December. Besides the rainy season there is what is called the cold season, but during both rainy and cold seasons one would be very foolish to venture out-of-doors between say nine a.m. and four p.m. without a sun-helmet. The first rains come in November; they may be a few weeks early or a few weeks late. From then till May or June it rains intermittently. Last year the rains were exceptionally heavy; it rained right up to the end of June. Before coming out I had a sort of an idea that the season of rains meant a period when it rained continuously. From what I have seen of tropical showers my imagination fails to picture the effect of continuous rain for a month, not to speak of four or six months. A quarter of an hour is enough to convert dry river-beds into raging torrents. Usually there are one or two such showers every day, or every other day. There may be a stretch of a fortnight or longer, especially at the end of February and the beginning of March, when no rain falls; and, on the other hand, it is quite possible to get a series of damp, drizzly days when one would almost feel justified in referring to the climate as weather.

After the rainy season comes the cold season, which lasts about two months. During that time, the mornings—before the sun is well up, and the evenings, after it has set—can be bitterly cold. The degree of cold varies according to the locality. Here in Kondoa-Irangi, it is bad enough, but we have not the intense cold of our neighbouring station of Haubi about four hours' walk distant. It seemed strange to me to hear the Father there describing how he was actually trembling with cold while saying Mass. And we are only a few degrees removed from the Equator! However, it is understandable enough when it is borne in mind that—as I've mentioned previously, I think—we are over four thousand feet above sea-level, and that is bound to have its effect, even at the Equator. Nevertheless it took me a long time to adjust my former ideas of African heat to the reality of African cold. The few months intervening between the end of the cold and the beginning of the rainy season are supposed to be the warm months. There has been no excessive heat yet, for which I am very grateful. I have experienced the heat of the coast and I would not like too much of it.



BUILDING OPERATIONS AT KONDOA.

Rev. Fr. Theodore, C.P., who contributes this article, appears on the left.

So much for the climate. The season of the rains can last as long as seven months and provides quite enough variety to the traveller to last him for the other five. It was only after I had been here for some time that I realized how lucky I had been on my first journey from Dodoma to Kondoa. I could so easily have been left stranded for the night on the side of the road. As a matter of fact that is what actually happened on my very next journey from here to Dodoma. I was on my way to Morogoro, accompanying the Prefect-Apostolic to the headquarters of the Holy Ghost Fathers of the neighbouring Vicariate of Bagamoyo. We left Kondoa by lorry at one p.m. to catch the ten p.m. train from Dodoma. It was doubtful if we would be able to get across the Karema River, which is about twenty miles distant from Kondoa. At the point where the road crosses it, the river, or, more properly, the river bed, is about one hundred yards wide. Instead of a bridge there is concrete causeway laid down in the actual bed of the river. This is admirable during the dry season, but the

fact is that I did not even know it was there until months after my arrival; it was buried about three feet in the sand even when not covered with water. Well, when we got to the river, the driver decided to "risk" it. He drove the lorry slightly up-river, ploughed slowly through the sand, rocked and bumped through the water, and clambered safely up the other side. Our native fellow-travellers had decided to do the trip across on foot. The Prefect and I remained in the lorry, and—our sun-helmets acting as crash-helmets—we were none the worse of the crossing. Having congratulated ourselves that the worst was over, we settled down to the remaining three or four hours of the journey. All went well for a considerable time, though truth to tell, I was becoming thoroughly alarmed at the way the lorry was skidding. At one time we travelled for quite a distance broadside-on. The road surface was a layer of thin mud. We had about two-thirds of the journey done and were bowling along splendidly, when without warning, there was a sickening lurch, and our lorry remained inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees. I did not know what had happened, but I soon found out. The wheels nearest the side of the road had simply sunk into the mud and were practically covered. We were carrying a heavy load; by the time everything had been unloaded and the lorry jacked out of the mud, two hours had passed, and there was just about time to catch the train. We got going again and seemed to be doing fairly well, though I did not like the look of the road—what I could see of it. My fears were justified, for in less than a quarter of an hour, the lorry bogged—worse than before. I knew it was good-bye to the train then, but I was not quite prepared for the night that followed. Our driver, his helpers, and whatever passengers could lend a hand, gathered round and had a look at the situation. To me it seemed hopeless; I had no means of knowing what they thought, not knowing sufficient of the language. In a half-hearted sort of way—though they were by no means put about, knowing their own roads—they proceeded to unload the lorry again. That done, they had another look at the situation and decided to retire for the night! It was about eleven p.m. by this time. Retiring for the night as far as the Prefect and I were concerned meant wedging ourselves as well as we could into the driver's cabin. That in itself was no easy feat considering that the lorry was lying practically on its side. Personally, I did not feel at all comfortable, especially as the Prefect had mentioned casually a short time before that this was a dangerous part of the road—plenty of wild animals about. However, we were not disturbed—by them. Unfortunately for me, all the mosquitoes in the neighbourhood discovered that there was a supply of fresh blood to be had for the taking. They took it! Next morning we "arose" about six, had the lorry freed, and re-loaded about nine, and reached Dodoma about twelve. The journey took us just twenty-four hours, and we had had nothing to eat or drink from the time we left Kondoa.

As I've mentioned already adventures on African roads lend themselves to description—sometimes amusing, always interesting—afterwards. At the time, they are—to say the least—inconvenient. Amongst our Missionaries, they are simply looked on as part of the day's work. They all go to swell the volume of sacrifice and work and prayer that is being continually offered to God for the conversion of the Pagan World. There is not a Priest or Brother—or Sister, for that matter—in the Prefecture who has not had some such adventure as I have described. The work of the Prefecture must go on even during the rainy season; sick calls to be made, out-stations to be visited, business to be seen to. Sometimes it means wading or swimming across swollen rivers, at other times a bicycle-ride which frequently develops into a nightmare obstacle-race; sometimes a night passed on the side of the road, with the prospect of a visitor in the shape of a lion or a leopard. Wherever there are a few Missionaries gathered together one is always sure to hear as varied a collection of such adventures as could be wished for. No one would dream of complaining about them. In fact they are



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT KONDOA.
Passionist Prefecture-Apostolic, Tanganyika.

forgotten almost before the ultimate destination is reached, the pangs of hunger appeased, or one's clothes dried. The bare narration of the facts is apt to disconcert the newcomer, but he soon discovers from personal experience, that it could be very much worse, that his angel guardian keeps a special eye out during the rainy season, and that the prayers that are offered up for him—in general and in particular—obtain for him the grace of laughing at experiences, the previous narration of which had dismayed him.

So the work goes on and souls are saved in spite of the difficulties of travel in Africa.

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Time Marches On

Time marches on. And from the unknown years
 To come, man's spirit, earthbound, only fears
 The might of other men, while woman's tears
 Are shed, lest those she bore, should fight one day;
 For war begun, makes war the only way,
 And men at war, forget the need to pray.

Time marches on. Relentlessly he speeds,
 And all too soon the echo of brave deeds
 Grows faint and dies; for life has greater needs.
 Men sow the seed that other men must reap,
 Conquerors smile, while vanquished nations weep,
 Civil war is rife, and brothers' lives are cheap.

Time marches on. And as the years slip by,
 What lies behind becomes a memory,
 Of dreadful deeds and man's brutality.
 Time marches on. Nor King nor knave can chain
 One moment's bliss; but prayers are not in vain,
 And peace on earth will one day come again.

D. M. A.

Just Molly ~ ~ the Maid

*****@*****

MARY C. RADCLYFFE

Molly was indeed a treasure, but one day she gave notice. This fell like a bombshell on the Thompson family. "I knew it was too good to last" said Mrs. Thompson, ruefully :: ::

MOLLY never wanted to go to London. She loved the little Irish town of her birth. She loved its quaint, winding streets and the little iron-monger's shop which was her home. But, with six children to feed, Mrs. Walsh found it difficult to make ends meet, and the shop was not paying too well. Also, Bridget had left school these two years and was quite able to help her mother in the house, so that Molly felt it her duty to accept the Pound a week offered her by the Thompson's, and she accordingly packed up her things and set off for London.

"After all, I can send mother ten shillings a week," she thought as she sat in the train. "And Mrs. Thompson said it would be all right about Sunday Mass."

Molly had never left home before, and she had no idea what cold places some people's homes could be. The Thompson's lived in a medium-sized house in the suburbs. Mrs. Thompson described it as labour-saving, and this Molly found to be true. The kitchen had all the latest gadgets for saving work. But it was the sitting-rooms and bedrooms that depressed Molly. They looked like the show windows of a furniture shop, stiff and unlivid in. No family oddments here, nothing personal—just bare living rooms furnished with £ s. d.

The Thompson's knew nothing about what was going on in Molly's mind. To them she was just the new maid who had come in on Monday. Mr. Thompson always complained about his bacon in the morning. It was a habit of his.

"Can't you get better bacon than this?" he grumbled. "It's much too thick!"

"Sure! There must be something wrong with it for you to complain," Molly told him soothingly.

Mr. Thompson eyed her curiously, but he merely grunted. After breakfast, he shouted for his shoes.

"I never can find things in this house!" he called querulously.

"I cleaned your shoes and put them here" Molly explained to him, patiently. "Perhaps it is difficult for you to find them," she went on, picking them up from under his nose. "I can put them in a different place if you prefer it."

Mr. Thompson went off banging the door. He was never in in the evenings. He and Mrs. Thompson each went their own way. They had their own separate existences. It was only on Sunday that they saw each other. Mr. Thompson always stayed in on Sunday, and because of this, Molly took great pains over the Sunday lunch.

There was a little boy in the household. A strange little fellow of nine whom nobody seemed to care for and who was always on the defensive. Molly decided to take him to her heart. Just as she was slipping the apple tart into the oven he stuck his fingers through the pastry six times.

"Oh Jack! don't do that" begged Molly. "That will spoil the tart altogether."

"I don't take any notice of what you tell me. You are only the maid," Jack reminded her promptly.

Molly smiled good-humouredly. "It's not that I want you to take notice of me" she told him. "It's just that I know you are too nice a little boy to do things like that."

Jack stared. He had never been spoken to like that before. Then he smiled. "I'll help you to make it all right again" he offered.

So Molly and he rolled out the pastry and returned the tart to the oven.

Molly set the table carefully whilst Mrs. Thompson arranged the flowers. Molly watched her with a smile on her lips.

"You make them look so beautiful" she said.

"Do I, Molly?" Mrs. Thompson replied happily. There was something about Molly that made people happy.

The lunch went off quite well, and after she had tidied everything up, Molly set out up the road to the Catholic church. It was only round the corner and up the hill. From the dining-room window, Jack watched her go, regretfully. Molly was different from the other girls they had had, he thought. She had a way of making you feel that she liked you, and it was rather nice being liked.

Even Mr. Thompson began to feel happier. His wife was more amiable and restful, and the whole house seemed to have a more homely feeling about it. After tea he went into the kitchen ostensibly to mend the kitchen clock, but really to see if the new maid was clean. He surveyed the spotless kitchen thoughtfully. On the walls Molly had hung one or two holy pictures. They irritated him strangely.

"Where's Molly gone?" he asked his wife.

"I believe she has gone to church."

Mr. Thompson grunted.

Mrs. Thompson rarely came down to breakfast. Jack was the first down. Molly always had a smile for him and a patient ear to listen to all his schemes for doing his enemies down at school. He liked the way she waved to him from the door. Somehow it helped him to face the day.

After a week or two Mr. Thompson gave up complaining. He had a strange feeling that Molly thought him an unusually good-tempered man, and he did not want to disillusion her. Instead, he wished her good-morning politely and made a remark about the weather. Molly looked at him approvingly whenever he smiled, and he felt he must not disappoint her.

By the time Mrs. Thompson got downstairs, most of the usual morning's work was done. The sitting-room looked temptingly fresh after a good dusting and airing, and the stairs and hall were polished and tidy. Sometimes Molly was singing in the kitchen. Sometimes Mrs. Thompson would go in and chat with Molly. There was a little pet robin that perched on the window ledge by the sink. Molly laughed and joked with it.

"You always seem happy," said Mrs. Thompson, wistfully.

"Sure, haven't I got a good place here?" replied Molly. "And are you not very kind to me?"

Mrs. Thompson said nothing. None of the other girls had said it was a good place or that she was kind to them, but she thought it was nice for Molly to think so. By degrees she took to staying at home more and helping Molly a little with the work. Molly was such good company because she was always cheerful. Together they devised ways for making the home more cheerful-looking. Mr. Thompson, too, took to coming home earlier. Sometimes he came home to supper unexpectedly. Usually he found the maids annoyed if he took them by surprise, but Molly was different. She always seemed pleased to get one a meal; in fact, she made one feel that everything was a pleasure to her.

Often when Mr. Thompson came home early he found Jack in the kitchen. Molly had all sorts of ways of amusing him. She saved the empty match-boxes and built a fortress with them. Jack besieged it with his toy cannon. The months passed swiftly by and the cheerful, happy atmosphere in the Thompson's house grew and grew.

Every Sunday morning Molly slipped round the corner to the Catholic church.

Mrs. Thompson knew that Molly went there also on her Sunday off. She, herself, had not been brought up to church-going, and she wondered what Molly saw in it that was so attractive.

At the end of a year Molly gave in her notice. This fell like a kind of bomb-shell on the Thompson family.

"I knew that it was too good to last," Mrs. Thompson told her husband that evening.

"Perhaps she is homesick," said Mr. Thompson.

"I thought probably she might be," his wife agreed. "And I begged her to come back at the end of a month, but she still refuses."

As the days went by, Mrs. Thompson realized that Molly was firm in her intention to leave. She tried to be extra specially kind to Molly in the hope that this might make her change her mind, but Molly only grew more strangely reticent and quiet, and seemed to withdraw within herself.

"Perhaps she is in trouble of some sort," thought Mrs. Thompson, and she gave up trying her persuasions.

But when the cab was at the door and Molly's trunk had been taken out, Mrs. Thompson made another forlorn attempt.

"You'll come and see us if you come to London again?" she said.

"I'm afraid that won't be possible." There were tears in Molly's eyes. "I'll tell you now what I did not like to tell you before. I have written to the Reverend Mother in Ireland, and she has agreed to let me try out my vocation for a nun there. I hope eventually to be a missionary."

"So you are going to be a nun!" Mrs. Thompson exclaimed in amazement.

"Well, you will write to me won't you, Molly?"

"Yes, of course I will write to you and think of you always" cried Molly, as she stepped into the cab and waved a last good-bye.

The days after Molly's departure seemed very dreary ones to Mrs. Thompson. "There doesn't appear to be any motive in my life" she thought to herself, sadly. "Molly was always so contented. Her presence in the house was like a tonic, and now she has gone to be a missionary!"

On Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Thompson wandered into the kitchen. The new girl was a good and clean worker, and had just gone out. Jack was spending the day with a small friend, and Mr. Thompson had not been seen for over an hour. The house was very quiet. Mrs. Thompson looked up at the bare walls where Molly's holy pictures had been hung, and an idea struck her. "I think that I will go to the church just to have a look round" she thought. She slipped upstairs and dressed quietly and then crept out the back way. She reached the church just as Benediction was beginning. The beautiful service stirred her with a strange emotion. When it was over, she sat motionless whilst the crowd filed slowly out, amongst them, to her amazement, was her husband. She approached him, plucking at his arm. "Richard, what are you doing here?"

Outside in the porch, her husband explained things to her. "It was just an idea I had to come and see Molly's church" he said.

"That's what I have been doing" answered his wife. She pulled his arm coaxingly. "Couldn't we go to the priest and ask him to tell us all about it?" she said.

Together they went round to the presbytery, and from that day, Father Henry was a regular visitor at the Thompson's house. Mr. Thompson soon began to look upon him not only as a very holy man, but also as a friend.

The months passed, and Christmas brought a letter from Molly. She was happy and settled in her new life, and had definitely been chosen to go to the Missions with the next detachment of nuns to leave.

"We still miss you!" wrote Mrs. Thompson, in reply to this letter. "And remember, when you go to the Missions," she added, "that we were your first converts!"



VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM MOUNT OLIVET.

In the Land ~ of Our Lord

JOHN GIBBONS

Continuing the story of his travels, Mr. Gibbons arrives in Jerusalem, where he has much to say regarding the extraordinary contrasts presented as a matter of course in the Holy City :: :: ::

CHAPTER III.

I AM worried about this story; there is so much to tell, and so little space to tell it in. So I could put in whole pages on that train from Jaffa to Jerusalem; it was the first train in War-time Palestine that had run for days, and we'd got about two thousand people packed into the space for about five hundred. So we had Arabs who looked like film-sheiks standing cheek to jowl against Jews who looked like film-pawnbrokers; we had veiled women and we had Catholic nuns; we had a handful of Canadian tourists, and we had a whole pilgrimage of rather solemn German priests. We had new Zionist Jews, apparently fresh from the slums of Central European cities, and we had an old Jew Rabbi reading some Hebrew Scriptures with intense disdain; we had an "Orthodox" priest of huge dignity and enormous beard, and we had the British Tommies supposed to be guarding the train and gambling hilariously for pennies. Add a few squawking chickens and a calf or two and perhaps a sheep that passengers had somehow crowded into the corridors, and you begin to get an idea of the extraordinary contrasts of that train.

And now look out of the window (if you can) at the extraordinary contrasts of the country. Here comes Lydda Junction, and it has something to do with the Apostles, and it is also the place where you wait for the Egyptian mail-train; from the windows of the *wagons-lits* the rich people are looking curiously down on the station platforms surging with Eastern humanity and Eastern smells. And here is Ramleh, as up to date as possible, with a British military aerodrome. It is not, however, too painfully modern; Abraham was at Ramleh, you know, and it's the place that was Arimathea of the New Testament.

Actually I looked that up afterwards, and really I looked it all up afterwards. About five thousand years of it, with page after page of the Bible and of general history all superimposed on place after place was a trifle too much for me at the time. And Palestine is all like that; it is quite a small country, but everything that ever happened in the Bible happened there. Well, you see, it had to happen there. You couldn't get much further South without running into the great desert, and West there was the Mediterranean or what they called the "Great Sea"; North you've got the hostile civilization of Syria blocking the way, and to the East and beyond modern Transjordanian you come to more desert. I am no scholar, but if you travel through the country and then afterwards take a Biblical Map you get the Bible coming out quite plain.

Go on looking out of that railway-carriage window, and see the contrasts of scenery. We have now left the fertile plain-belt and are travelling inland and roughly due East; we have got away from the civilization of the Zionist farms, and the engine is painfully puffing up into a mountain country. We seem, somehow, to have got away from all the roads, and this country looks about as primitive as it must have done four thousand years ago; we are seeing no more aerodromes, and any village that ever comes in sight is a rough concern of whitewashed stones, with scowling gypsy-like men staring at the enemy train. Samson was in this country; to-day there are no more lions up in those mountainous wildernesses, but you have a feeling that there quite easily might be a few left, and anyway there are hyaenas. And now it has all changed again, and this is Jerusalem, and a whole trainload of people are filing out of a station with a great notice begging you to patronise a refreshment-room (kept by a Greek) and reminding you to drink somebody's London Stout. I drag that bit in, not to be funny, but to try to illustrate the extraordinary and almost shocking contrasts of the country.

I have now got to pack several libraries of books into a thousand words or so, and how do I begin to describe Jerusalem! Let's say, to start with, that there are really two Jerusalems, the Old City and the modern town round it, and naturally we will look at the Old City first. Here, then, is a great wall and a great gate-way, and perhaps your nearest approach in Ireland to anything of the sort would be at, say, Derry. Then you go through the Jaffa Gate, and find yourself in a main street that is really a narrow lane; that lane goes down and down, and every now and then there are half a dozen shallow steps to help it down the faster. Sometimes that lane seems to be tunnelling; it's got a roof, perhaps of ancient masonry and perhaps of modern sheet-iron. It's a roof, of course, against the sun. But that's the main lane only, and off it every few yards come other still narrower lanes. It is one huge rabbit-warren, and there are steps that lead down to evil-looking cellars and stairways to lead up to where some few families may be camping on a roof. There are about forty thousand people living down in that Old City, with a Quarter for the Arabs and others for the Old Jews and for Armenians and for Greek Christians. I was frankly frightened of that human rat-run; you could ever so easily turn a corner and get your throat cut, and the archaeologists a few centuries later might or might not find your body. Also that place smells; we English, whether you like us or not, are a clean people, and we have done our best in our few years in Jerusalem, but we cannot do miracles. It is a city always on the edge of a riot, and ever such a little change will produce an outbreak of fanaticism; we had several thousand years of filth to fight against. You will remember, too, that Jerusalem besides being our Holy City is also the Holy City of the Jews (who hardly count as fighting men) and is further the third Holy City after Mecca and Medina of the Arabs (who count very much as fighting men). When I was there it would have taken about an Army Corps with tanks to have got a Christian into their Mosque of Omar.

And now you want to know about the Holy Sepulchre, don't you? and I am going very nearly to leave it out; I cannot mix up the Sepulchre of Our Lord with the jokes of a flippant story. But we will just look at the outside, and begin by imagining a big court-yard huddled under a positively cliff-like building. Round that court will be sitting priests, all sorts of priests: our Franciscans, and then Greek "Orthodox" and Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, Maronites, Jacobites, everybody: they've all got their places in the Holy Sepulchre Church, and so you turn here and it's a Catholic Chapel, and turn to the next aisle and it is Greek or Armenian or something else. And even where, say, the Armenians may not have an actual Chapel of their own they may have some sort of a right, and so perhaps once a year they may have their Armenian Mass at such a point or light a candle at such another point. Every scrap of all the Holy Places is like that, with every branch of non-Protestant Christendom jealously guarding their privileges; one says "non-Protestant" because of course the Protestant bodies profess not to be particularly interested in the physical



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

Which stands on the site of the ancient Temple of Jerusalem.

sites of the Holy Places, but they are well represented in the New Jerusalem outside the walls. They have hospitals and orphanages and so forth, and every conceivable body of Protestantism, both from England and from America, will have some sort of a Jerusalem "mission." All that might help you to understand the cliff-like wall of the Holy Sepulchre Church. It is about a dozen churches all roofed-in together; there have been churches there for hundreds of years, and they have got burned and destroyed and rebuilt, and sometimes the Crusaders turned mosques into churches, and sometimes the Moslems turned churches into mosques. And over the general muddle of the centuries there is a cathedral-like roof. Inside it is almost pitch-dark, and then you begin to see this glory and that; a cosmopolitan guide will point out this great Candle presented by such-and-such an Emperor or that glory of Altar donated by such-and-such a King, and by and by you will bow very low indeed through ever such a tiny doorway, and you will find yourself kneeling in deadest silence at the tomb of the King of Kings.

And now let's look at the New Jerusalem outside the walls. It's a queer city of many distinct worlds that never meet. Out of a hundred-and-ten-thousand people, probably the bulk are Arab, Christian-Arab (mostly Easterns), and Moslem-Arab; but then, too, we have a tremendous Hebrew population, both of the new Zionist and of the old religious-professing Jews. There are very poor Jews, and there are a few very rich Jews; the Consulate Quarter has a great Jewish "King David Hotel" that is richer and more costly than anything at least in your Ireland, Dublin and Belfast and all. There are Latins and Greeks and all the rest, and the streets jostle with priests and friars; there is Protestantism, and about the tallest building in all Jerusalem is the American Y.M.C.A. There is a whole world of scholarship, and Americans and English have their museums and their schools of archaeology in Jerusalem; and there is a world of officialdom. Jerusalem after all is a capital city, and so you will see the flags of nearly every Consulate there. Then over all for good or for bad stand at present my English; we are the masters, and my England at present is nominally and officially Protestant, and it makes a difference. No Tel Avi



THE TEMPLE AND MOUNT OLIVET.

business until two in the morning in Jerusalem; we are probably anxious to defer to all the Protestant and American missions, and the result is a sort of Puritan atmosphere. On to an Oriental city we have somehow managed to clap the regulations of an English provincial townlet, and Jerusalem is practically sent to bed at ten o'clock at night. Then, get it too, that most of the thousands of people in the Zionist Quarters outside the walls have probably never been in the Old City; our Christian Holy Sepulchre is of course nothing to them, and they don't believe in the Wailing Wall of their own Temple, and why risk Arab insult and stoning to go to look at the site of a place which isn't there! Their Jerusalem simply means a great city where business can be done. It isn't all you see, just the Golden City of the children's school-books with everybody sitting about the churches and everybody simple and everybody happy. For myself, I should have called Jerusalem an extraordinarily unhappy city. It lives, so it seemed to me, on the edge of a volcano, and so there were days when the police would pass you into the Old City and there were other days

when entrance would be forbidden. Not safe to-day for Europeans.

It was an abnormal time, of course, and so there were whole empty hotels. Jerusalem would ordinarily largely live on tourist traffic, and so there were streets of steamship agencies and the like doing no business. I said "tourists," and I mean the people who travel *de luxe* and who make a sort of round tour of the Pyramids, Palestine, and Petra. But of course there are genuine pilgrims, too, and they might be stopping at cheap hotels or they might put up at any one of many hostels. The Franciscan Fathers run hostels, and there are plenty more. Or consider the old Russian Hostel, still half-full with elderly Russian women; they would have come with the very last pilgrimage of all from Old Russia just before the Soviet Government started their Anti-God campaign and stopped the pilgrim traffic. Those old Russian women will never starve; there are plenty of Czarist funds to keep them in comfort till they die. But they will never go back to their "Holy Russia." It just isn't there.

With all these people that I have been trying to tell you about, you will consider the languages, won't you? Arabic and Hebrew and German and Russian and Roumanian and Polish in the streets, with just a dash of aristocrat and official English; and Latin and Old Greek and Ethiopic, and a few more things in the churches, and then down in the *Ecce Homo* Convent I found an ex-voto tablet in Gaelic. You will also consider the sun, won't you, and if I may properly say so, the smells? You will try and think of the courtyard of the Holy Sepulchre, and then just behind it the great tower of the modern Lutheran Church opened by the German Kaiser, and just above you the minaret of a mosque. The muezzin is probably blind, and so many times a day he will find his way up to the little balcony, and at each point of the compass will chant his profession of faith: "There is No God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet." You will not understand his words, but when you have heard that call you will not easily forget it. There seems nothing in it about Tel Aviv or Zionism, but it rings out high like a trumpet-call pealing for action. Not Peace but a Sword, so it comes, doesn't it, in our own Christian Bible? And when you have seen Jerusalem you begin to understand that text.

I do wonder ever so badly whether I have at all succeeded in making you see the extraordinary clash of Creeds and Churches, of Races and Religions, that we call Jerusalem, the Centre of the World.

..... 3

Anti-Clericalism

There is a certain class of anti-cleric we always have with us, and Ireland is no exception. It is not Catholic teaching nor Catholic worship, nor Catholic philosophy of life that offends him—indeed, he professes, sometimes sincerely enough, that he is profoundly attached to all these. But he resents the influence of the clergy or their intrusion into the civil domain or their exactions. He is offended that they should have even a modest competence, or exercise the common civil rights enjoyed by the rest of the community. He would confine him to the parochial house and the sanctuary, forbid him to hold, or at least express, an opinion on political questions, as being outside his province, and he would grudge him any more than the bare sustenance of life. Now this spirit is not in itself a supreme danger, but it often advances to a further stage in which the resentment is now against the doctrines of the Faith, not the person of its ministers.

This resistance to Church authority or opposition to its ministers is much more unlikely in Protestant countries. These churches claim no authority to decide questions of doctrine or morals. They submit meekly or with feeble protest to whatever the State determines, in marriage regulations, in education and in the treatment of the incurable, the unborn child, the insane. They offer no inflexible front which presents definite dogma or code of morals, and a conflict is not likely. Nor is there the same distinction as with us between clergy and laity. The former are invested with no prerogative of spiritual power and tied down by no special mode of life.

These are the natural reasons why the Church should suffer persecution, but there remains the Divine one that Christ has so willed it.

Pastoral Letter of Most Rev. Dr. O'Kane, Bishop of Derry.

“We Preach Christ Crucified”



“unto them that
are called . . .

the power of God and
the wisdom of God.”

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XXVII.—JESUS EXHIBITED BY PILATE : “ECCE HOMO.”

Jesus had been left inside the hall, while Pilate outside on the balcony, washed his hands of responsibility, and the Jews took His Blood upon them and their children.

Pilate then went in to Jesus, and again they were alone ; but there is no record of what transpired. St. John proceeds to tell us what happened afterwards : “ Pilate therefore went forth again and said to them : ‘ Behold I bring Him forth unto you that you may know that I find no cause in Him ’.”

Conducted by guards, “ Jesus therefore came forth wearing the crown of thorns and the purple garment ” (John, XIX, 4, 5).

Pilate looked at Him. . . . The Governor had seen the noblest of Rome in camp and court ; probably he had been to other great cities of the nearer East and West, but never before had he seen a man to equal this Man in bravery, virtue, wisdom, gentleness and strength.

The Jews now see for the first time what the soldiers have done. . . . Jesus, the great reforming preacher and wonderful miracle worker whose appearance they had known so well, now stood before them, His head crowned with thorns, blood streaming down His face ; the old purple robe so short that they could see the blood trickling down over His bare feet.

Pilate led Him to the front of the balcony and said : “ Behold the Man.”

Then was fulfilled the prophecy of Isaias : “ We have seen Him and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of Him. Despised, and the most abject of men, a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with infirmity ; and His look was as it were hidden and despised. Whereupon we esteemed Him not ” (Isaias, LIII, 2-3). All the beauty and charm of face and form and character that had once attracted them, all the grace of His teaching, all the admiration His miracles had won for Him, and all His untiring readiness to help or cure them, all was forgotten now.

Only one thing now was in their minds and hearts, “ His Blood be upon us and our children.” They had listened to the insidious whisperings and loud-voiced demands of the priests, and turned against the Man Who had loved and laboured for their welfare, and Who had defended them from the tyranny of those very rulers they were now supporting.

“ When the chief priests therefore and the ancients had seen Him, they cried out, saying : ‘ Crucify Him, Crucify Him ’.”

“ Pilate said to them : ‘ Take Him you and crucify Him for I find no fault in Him ’.” Again ! No permission this. Weak bluster. And the Jews knew it and answered him :

“ We have a law ; and by that law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God ” (John, XIX, 7).

So at last they were forced to bring forward the real charge, the only reason for which they had brought the case before Pilate ; the reason why they demanded His death was, because He claimed to be the Son of God.

This new charge startled Pilate : "When Pilate therefore had heard this saying, he feared the more." The charge against Christ that He had claimed to be King was serious enough, but advancing on this and claiming to be the Son of God, scared Pilate, so that "he feared the more."

Pilate was familiar with the gods of Rome and Greece ; it was quite within the range of his credulity that Jesus might indeed be the Son of God ; he was having proof enough before his eyes, to convince him that this Prisoner was more than man ; and the miracles he had heard of, one even done for a Roman centurion, far surpassed anything ever attributed to his pagan gods. This made it more awful for Pilate ; had this charge been made at first, he might have smiled, but not now. He had tried to be fair to Jesus, as man to man. But now, now if it was a God he was trying ? He could not think it out clearly with all the flurry around him ; he had to be alone again with Jesus and question Him privately : "And he entered into the hall again with Jesus," and alone together, they faced each other (John, XIX, 9).

Pilate broke the tense silence with a short, blunt, nervous question : "Whence art Thou ?"—Jesus looked him straight in the eyes, but gave him no answer, (John, XIX, 9).

Pilate, harassed by the Jews outside, fidgety and almost unstrung, fearing, and looking to Jesus for help and anxious to help Him, fretted under the silence, and at last begged of Jesus to speak in His own behalf : "Speakest Thou not to me ? Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and I have power to release Thee ?"

Jesus answered : "Thou shouldst not have any power against Me unless it was given thee from above. Therefore he that hath delivered Me to thee hath the greater sin."

The august Prisoner seems to have pitied the wavering judge, and so distinguished between the determined crime of hatred in the Jews and the sin of weakness in Pilate. . . . And so Pilate understood it and was grateful for even this slight exoneration of his feebleness ; and once more he rallied his courage to face the Jews in defence of the Man he thought and feared might indeed be the Son of God. "And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release Him" (John, XIX, 12).

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

*Behold the Man ! Lover of children, defender of women, friend of man.
Behold the Man, Who took upon Himself the sins of the world.
Behold the Man, scourged, thorn-crowned, rejected by those He came to save.
Men condemned Him to death because He made Himself the Son of God.
Only the Son of God could or would have endured so much for them.
Who else would have persevered and died for such a worthless world ?*

PRAYER.

O Jesus, Son of God and Son of Mary, Man of Sorrows, wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins ; in Thee I "behold the Man" Who bore the chastisement which I deserved for the sins that degraded my dignity as a man.

O Jesus, it was solely because Thou wert the Son of God that it was worth while to crucify Thee ; no one else could have atoned for the sins of men, for every sin is an insult and outrage to the infinite holiness of God.

O Jesus, I am sorry for all my sins and the sufferings they have caused Thee, and I am resolved henceforth to be more manly in the practice of those virtues which, by Thy redeeming grace, make men the sons of God.

REV. FR. HUBERT, C.P.

NAMES OF DECEASED.

John T. Kennedy (Father of Rev. Fr. Edward, C.P., and Conf. Andrew, C.P.), Anastasia Brophy (Mother of Conf. Henry, C.P.), Michael Doyle, Sarah Walshe, William Horan, Joseph O'Malley Moore, Michael Governey, Ellen Mulholland, Margaret White, Catherine Trainor, John and Delia McGovern, Mary and Annie Harpe, Mary Behan, Charles and Gertrude Claffey, Annie Nolan, Mary Whelan, Matthew Redmond Lalor, Rosa Mulholland.

Programme of the Communist International

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T. W. C. CURD

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"The Communists disdain to  
conceal their views and aims.  
They openly declare that their  
aims can be obtained only by the  
forcible overthrow of all existing  
social conditions." (Manifesto of  
the Communist Party) :: ::  
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WITH most of our attention riveted upon home or continental affairs, what is going on a little nearer Ireland's own doorstep is apt to be overlooked: the plan of operations now being carried out by International Communism for the overthrow of the existing social order in England and the capture of that country for atheistic Communism.

The Holy Father has warned the world to take a lesson from Spain. Russia is not above taking this advice, though not in the sense intended by the Pope. The success of the Communist plan for the penetration and capture of Spain was upset by the Spanish army, led by General Franco. Russia has learnt her lesson from this. Armies are not going to be allowed to do that again if International Communism can prevent it. Armies, navies and air forces must be, if not disbanded, at least so reduced in effectiveness as to present no serious obstacle to the onward march of Communism. When the day comes for—in the words of the Programme of International Communism—"the general strike conjointly with armed rebellion against the State," the State must be left exposed, without adequate military forces at its disposal for the preservation of order and for the defence of society against the "armed proletariat."

This "Programme of International Communism" is a plan for war, for *civil war*. The "programme" has been issued in English for the use of the Communists of England, and on page 65 it tells us that "The fundamental slogans of the Communist International in this connection must be the following: 'Convert Imperialist war into civil war; defeat the 'home' imperialist government.'" While at the foot of the same page it adds this comforting passage:

"The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their aims can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all the existing social conditions. Let the ruling class tremble at a Communist revolution."

To this programme every Communist in England (and in Ireland too) is committed. Through his membership of the Party he subscribes to a set and determined policy of fomenting strikes, crises and commotions as a preliminary to civil war, doing everything in his power to bring about at least a partial disarming of the State beforehand. And this as the *only* means of imposing the Communist social and economic system on the people:

"Revolution is not only necessary because there is no other way of overthrowing the ruling class, but also because only in the process of revolution is the overthrowing class able to purge itself of the dross of the old society."

(Communist Programme, p. 37)

Such a policy presupposes a well-thought-out plan. This plan is in existence and is functioning now on a wide scale. The question was: How to disarm the State? It must be borne in mind that International Communism is a Godless movement that seeks to impose its will on the whole world, and that by force. Clearly, from the Communist point of view, nationalist armies are a danger; for in any well ordered State any attempt at revolution such as that planned by the Communists would be put down by the army. Armies, therefore,

must be got out of the way or rendered ineffective. Now, the very idea of possible attack from without compels governments to maintain adequate defence forces as a minimum. Furthermore, the possibility of such attack creates in the minds of the masses of the people the patriotic determination to support the government in necessary defence measures by voting the necessary money and endorsing its armament policy.

So the obvious answer to the question was: By a powerful and insidious propaganda for peace *that will weaken the nation's will-to-fight*, even in defence, and so prevent the necessary credits for large military forces. At the same time, propaganda to be carried on within the forces themselves by means of "cells" so as to impair the morale and weaken the patriotism of sailors, soldiers and airmen. All this is now being carried out most assiduously. What says the Communist Programme:

"The Communist International must devote itself especially to systematic preparation for the struggle against the danger of imperialist wars." (p. 64).

So in the past few months, instigated by Communists or their dupes (it is often useful to the Communists to be able to disclaim the authorship of these moves) there have come into being a variety of organisations having for their pretended object the uniting of people of good will in a common effort for world peace; an ideal that has deceived many innocent people and which will deceive many more unless their eyes are opened to the fact that so far from bringing peace, these movements are all part of the plot of International Communism to plunge the country into the horrors of civil war.

Again the evidence is in the Programme itself:

"When the revolutionary tide is rising, when the ruling classes are disorganised . . . the Party of the proletariat is confronted with the task of leading the masses to a direct attack upon the bourgeois State. This it does by carrying on propaganda in favour of . . . disarming the bourgeoisie and arming the proletariat and by organising mass action. . . . This mass action includes: strikes; a combination of strikes and demonstrations; a combination of strikes and armed demonstrations; and finally, the general strike conjointly with armed insurrection against the State." (p. 61).

And seeing that "one of the most important tasks" is that of "systematically and unswervingly combating religion, the opium of the people" (p. 38) we may then expect to see our churches go up in smoke and our priests and nuns subjected to the process of being "ruthlessly suppressed," the fate in store for the "counter-revolutionary activities of the ecclesiastical organisations" (p. 38).

At 53 Gray's Inn Road, London, there is the office of the Communist "British Anti-War Movement." At the same address is the Communist "League Against Imperialism." It is interesting to note at this stage that the Communists have been running two organisations, one against Imperialism, the other against War. But if you enquire at No. 53 now you will be referred to something rather newer and more up to date, the International Peace Campaign, run from 27 Chester Terrace, Eaton Square. This body will tell you that it has nothing to do with the Communist Party or Communism; its function is merely to "co-ordinate" various peace efforts. After the introduction from No. 53 you will take this with a grain of salt. And when you make further investigations you find that this "I.P.C." is merely the British Section of the "*Rassemblement Universel pour la Paix*," an international movement of which the chief organiser is the Communist Comrade Dolivet.

Now Rule 3 of the Programme of the Communist International states that "Membership of the Communist Party and of the Communist International is open to those who accept the programme and rules . . . of the Communist International."

The first two lines of Section III of the Programme tell us that :

"The ultimate aim of the Communist International is to replace world capitalist economy by a world system of Communism."

Page 23 warns the Member that :

"The conquest of power by the proletariat does not mean peacefully capturing the ready-made bourgeois State machinery. The conquest of power by the proletariat is the violent overthrow of bourgeois power, the destruction of the capitalist State apparatus (armies, police, judiciary, parliament, etc.) and the substitution in its place of new organs of proletarian power, to serve primarily as instruments for the suppression of the exploiters."

And just to leave no possible doubt about the matter the Member is told bluntly on p. 37 (as already quoted above) that "revolution is necessary."

In face of all this, one is left bewildered by the widespread and persistent Communist propaganda for "peace." Clearly, the programme to which every Communist is committed (under pain of expulsion) is a programme not of peace but of that terrible scourge, civil war. The last few months in Spain have given the world a demonstration of what the Communist means by that.

There are two considerations that account for this contradiction. The first is the fact that Communism shuts out God and all respect for the moral law. Therefore to the Communist there is no such thing as a lie, nothing strange in crying Peace when he means War. Deception is justified, even meritorious, in furthering the aims of Communism.

The other is the fact that Communism can deliberately plan for civil war as a preliminary to a Communist peace ; world-wide revolution, murder, pillage and fire, as the prelude to that world-peace in which atheistic Communism will hold complete sway ; a world without God ; a world in which (as in Russia to-day, even under the vaunted new Constitution) it will be a criminal offence for a mother to teach her child the name of Jesus.

And that is the "peace" that is being planned, prepared and plotted for in England to-day, on a scale and with a determination without precedent in that country. "Peace Councils," "Youth Peace Councils," "People's Fronts" and the like are springing up all over England at the bidding of Moscow's blood-lust, yet in the sacred name of peace.

Russia — Mexico — South America — Spain

"By their fruits you shall know them."

O, Little Hill of Calvary!

O little hill of Calvary
How lonely dost thou lie,
A cenotaph of mystery
To idle passers-by!
Where pink and white run buds to bloom
Through fields not far away
Thou still art barren in thy gloom,
Thine ancient shadows stay.

Ah, little hill I dread thee not!
Thy loving pilgrims know
There is a charmed and hallowed spot
Not seen from fields below;
Where in the light of its pure air
Thy dismal, outward parts
Prove but reflections of despair
From unrepenting hearts.

P. J. McGUIGAN.

For the Canonisation of Blessed Gemma Galgani.

By the special direction of Most Rev. Fr. Titus, C.P., General of the Passionists, our reader are invited to send their offerings towards the Canonisation of Bl. Gemma Galgani. All such offerings will be acknowledged in *The Cross* and will be forwarded to Rome by the Managing Editor. Since the last list, the following sums have been received :—

A Few Belfast Girls, 8/-; M. Deegan (Dublin), 2/-; J. G. A. (Ballyshannon), 2/6.

Offerings may be sent to The Managing Editor, *The Cross*, Mount Argus, Dublin.

OBITUARY

Rev. Fr. Francis (Kelly), C.P.



FR. FRANCIS (KELLY), C.P.

FOR the third month in succession it is our sad duty to chronicle the death of yet another member of our Province, REV. FR. FRANCIS (KELLY), C.P., who died at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin, on Monday, February 8th. Throughout his long priestly life, he had laboured in the most diverse spheres for the Congregation which he had loved so well and served so faithfully; and his passing leaves a gap in our ranks which will not easily be filled, whilst he leaves, too, an example and a memory which will prove a lasting inspiration.

Born at Ballinlig in the parish of Ballymore, Co. Westmeath, on August 7th, 1866, the late Fr. Francis came of a family which has long had associations with the Passionist Congregation in these countries. He was a nephew of the late Fr. Vincent (Grogan), C.P., and a cousin of Fr. Malachy (Gavin), C.P. and the late Fr. Mark, C.P. His brother, Fr. Robert, C.P., died only a few years ago; whilst his nephew, Fr. Oliver, C.P., and his cousin, V. Rev. Fr. Fabian, C.P., at present Rector of Holy Cross Retreat, Belfast, continue the family tradition in the present generation. Entering the Congregation in 1884, at the age of eighteen, Francis of the Seven Dolours, as he was known in religion, made his profession in the following year; and after the usual course of ecclesiastical studies, he was raised to the priesthood at Highgate, London, on June 11th, 1889.

Having laboured for some years on the home mission, in June 1902, Fr. Francis was appointed Superior of the Passionist Retreat at Glen Osmund, Adelaidé, South Australia. This Retreat had been founded only some six years previously, so doubtless there were many difficulties to be faced, incidental to a new foundation in a distant land. So capably did he discharge this task that he remained Superior of Glen Osmund for nine years, until he finally returned home

in 1911. At successive Provincial Chapters, his administrative talent received such recognition from his brethren, that he was repeatedly chosen for the most delicate and most important offices. Thus, at various times, he was elected Rector of St. Gabriel's Retreat, Enniskillen (1914-1917); Rector of Mount Argus (1917-20; 1926-1929); Rector of St. Paul's Retreat, Ilkley (1923-1926); Master of Novices (1920-1923); and Provincial Consultor (1929-1935).

Gifted with an imposing presence and a talent for preaching, Fr. Francis was an ideal missionary. His resonant voice would make a crowded church ring with his vigorous denunciation of the malice of sin, yet in the hush which followed, his voice would descend almost to a whisper as he invited sinners to pardon and repentance. Throughout Ireland and England, and in far-off Australia, he had gained no mean repute as an orator of distinction, whilst the number of missions and retreats which he preached make up a formidable total. His wisdom and prudence as an administrator were evidenced on repeated occasions. In Adelaide, he was honoured with the confidence of the late Bishop O'Reilly, who held him in the highest esteem, and did not hesitate to consult him with regard to diocesan affairs.

His love for the Congregation which he had embraced was an outstanding trait. Outside the work of the Order, he had no other interest in life. It was his lasting ambition to see the Passionist Congregation prosper and make progress at home and abroad, and to this single end he devoted all his energies. Simple, genial, lovable, Fr. Francis was an ideal Passionist; he was in truth *homo simplex et rectus et timens Deum*; and if some, at first acquaintance thought him somewhat aloof and dignified, their subsequent impressions modified their first experience.

He is survived by a brother, Mr. Joseph Kelly, by a sister in Australia, and by two sisters in La Sainte Union Convents. To them our sympathy goes forth in their great bereavement.

Cristofero of Mexico

ALICE DEASE

A touching story of the plight of faithful Catholics under the Mexican persecution. The story is founded on actual fact :: ::

THERE was a knock at the door of the little house, and that, in itself was a terrifying thing in a Mexican city. However, it was not a domineering kind of knock, and the Senora tried to look unconcerned as she went to answer it. In 1926, the people of Mexico had learnt to hide their feelings behind expressionless faces, and the sight of four or five men waiting outside brought no change to the widow's impassive features. Had it come at last? she asked herself, meaning the death that had already taken her Juan from her and from their small Juanito. But no. The visitors had her boy with them, but one, nay, perhaps two, if not three of them she recognized at a scrutiny. They were members of the body of the Faithful who still met together for prayers in the parish church, which had not as yet been confiscated despite the law which forbade the presence of a priest in the city.

A year ago, Juan, her husband, had been sacristan of that church, working, it is true, as quietly as possible, but serving the priest, though he could barely make a living by the performance of his duties. Then he had been killed, murdered, martyred in the performance of his duties, and only two priests were allowed by the Government to minister to a population of close on 100,000 people in Lower California.* Lately that concession, itself, had been withdrawn, and no priest at all was recognized in the Province. Meanwhile, the religion which it was hoped would starve to death, was still living, glowing, even if hidden and practised under the greatest difficulties.

Easter was growing near, and hearts were heavy at the thought that no sympathy would be shown to Our Lord at the anniversary of Passiontide, no rejoicing over the Feast of His Resurrection. Since no priests were allowed, there were no Sacraments, and the Government was relying on the well-known consequences on the soul of man, of no Mass, no Sacraments, no spiritual nourishment to keep the soul alive, consequently, there was some relaxation in the general restrictions and the people were allowed to pray in the empty church, if they so wished, provided of course that no priest was present. Unmolested, therefore, a congregation gathered in the church, which Maria-Concepcion tended now, in her husband's place. The Rosary was recited aloud, prayers were said. God's mercy and His pardon were implored for the people, for their city, their suffering, martyred country.

And now a truly audacious scheme had been set on foot.

"You are Senora Maria-Concepcion Morela?" asked the foremost of the little band of visitors.

"You have said it, Senor" was the reply.

"And this boy is your son?"

Maria could scarcely stifle the cry of dismay that sprang to her lips when, from behind the forms of the men her ten-year-old Juan was brought to light.

"Yes, Senor." The woman's voice was hardly audible. She had heard too much of children, no older than her Juan, who had died sooner than blaspheme the God Whom they had been taught—as she had taught him—to love.

*The figures given by Father W. Parsons, when vouching for this happening in his book, "Mexican Martyrdom," are 95,516 inhabitants.

"Is he a good boy?" was the next question, and now Maria's voice rang proudly.

"*Si, Senor.*"

"Has he made his First Communion?" was the next interrogation.

Maria-Concepcion glanced, first at the boy, then at his captors, for so in her own mind did she style the men who accompanied her son. Why should they not hear the truth? If they were going to kill the boy—for she felt sure that he would never blaspheme—would it not be well for her if she put herself in the way of the same fate.

"No, Senor, he has not made his First Communion, because it has not been possible. For no other reason."

"Then he understands Who is present in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar?" the speaker's voice was lowered, cautiously.

"Ask him" said his mother, proudly.

The man who held the boy's arm pushed him forward, not ungently, and bade him answer what was asked of him.

"What is the Blessed Sacrament, my son?" asked the man who had been questioning Maria.

"It is the Body and Blood, the Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ," the boy looked up squarely, bravely at his questioner, "under the appearance of bread and wine."

The leading visitor turned to his fellows. It seemed as though their interrogation was over.

"Shall I speak?" he asked, and when they assented, he addressed the woman again, asking if he—and the boy—might step inside for a moment.

It was no uncommon sight in the town to see a group of men standing idly, talking together, and the others moved away to the sunny side of the street, where they were safe from attracting any attention special.

The widow moved a chair forward for her self-invited visitor, who, seating himself, drew Juanito towards him, whilst the boy's mother, steadying herself unconsciously against the corner of the table, prepared herself to listen to the worst.

"You are in charge of the parish church, so there is no one who knows better than you do how empty it will be at Easter," he went on, speaking low, quickly, and this is the gist of what he said:

"The people were all of one mind that Our Lord must have the same honour, love, sympathy, from the city as it had given Him at this season, for generations. In short, they were determined that although the ceremonies of Holy Week were impossible, they would, as in years past, have an Altar of Repose, and it was in procuring the Sacred Host for this that the help of Maria, and more especially of little Juan, was sought.

The road over the borders of Mexico into the United States was not impossibly far. A motor fit to face the roughness of the route would be able to do the journey in a few hours. The plan that had been made was, to find a boy, innocent, understanding, who would go with the men, carrying arms, for the safety of all, to whom the parish priest of a certain town in the freedom of the United States would confide the guardianship of the Sacred Species. This would be taken back to the Mexican city for the daylight hours of Holy Thursday, where It would be adored, as of old, on an Altar of Repose that would be prepared for it.

Having questioned, here and there, the men had come to the conclusion that the Sacristan's son was the boy to be entrusted with the honour and the duty. On all sides they had learnt that Juan was good, innocent, obedient to his mother. There were no stories of lying, or quarrelling or of insolence to his elders, which is so common, the world over to-day, told to them of Juanito,

and having questioned himself they were satisfied that he would know what he was about.

The plan was this. At daybreak on Holy Thursday, Juan, dressed by his mother in the white outfit that the town would provide, was to be taken in a car, over the border, to a town where the priest was willing to confide to the charge of a safe guardian, a Sacred Host from the day's consecration. With his Divine Burden, the boy and his guardians would return home and, for the day, Our Lord would remain in the Tabernacle, whence He had been banished for so long, and all day He would be adored in the hitherto empty church until, at nightfall the Sacred Host would be returned to the American priest who was willing to make the plan possible. The scheme was no actual breaking of the law, for such a contingency had never been thought of to forbid, but both the proposers and the boy's mother knew that it was not without danger. Ostensibly religion was tolerated. In actual fact—.

"Mother!" The man's meaning, the scope of his plans, had dawned upon the boy, and he turned a radiant face towards Maria. "Did you hear? Did you understand? It is I, your son, to whom the honour is offered."

Certainly it was an honour. To that they were both agreed, but it was also a danger. Yet, to mother as to son, it was the honour that was the greatest, and as such it could not possibly be refused.

So the man went back to his comrades, promising that three days hence before sunrise on Holy Thursday they would be at the door again, this time with a car, and this time ready to carry off Juanito, who would be dressed in the outfit that would be sent to him on the morrow.

In the greatest moments of life, the sublime and the ridiculous are perilously close.

"Mother," said Juanito, "since I cannot go to confession, I will gather my sins and tell them to you, and together we will cleanse my soul by the very best act of contrition that we can make."

"Yes, my son" replied his practical mother. "That is for your soul; and for your body I will prepare a good bath."

So was Juanito made ready, inwardly and outwardly for his task. Next day a messenger brought a parcel, and when he had left it, it was opened. There was a small white shirt, shoes and stockings, of the same, and a white suit that fitted him as though made to measure.

The two following days Juanito spent, at his own request, as though in retreat. Afterwards it would be a splendid adventure to speak of to the other boys, but now the dignity of it, the responsibility that it laid on him, kept Juanito at home, fearful lest any word might betray his wonderful secret.

The evening before, the evening that is, of Spy Wednesday, Maria Concepcion learnt that the armed men who were to form a guard of honour to her son's Divine Burden, were going on their expedition fasting, so that over the border they might receive their Easter Communion on the day of Our Lord's institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

Many words were not wanted between Juanito and his mother, who were all the world to each other.

"And I, Mother?" The little boy's request was whispered in his mother's ear. "You promised that when Padre Leon was able to come again that he would give me my First Communion. If I went, fasting, too, would they give me Our Lord, in my heart as well as on it?"

There was no time, no means of reaching the priest, to ask this, and Maria could only say that perhaps it might be so, and then help her boy in the final preparation for the Communion for which he had been prepared but for which he had had to wait so long.

When the men, in their long, wide cloaks—a convenient dress when there

were firearms to be hidden—came before dawn, and in the motor little could be seen of the smart, white-clad boy, wrapped up as were his elders in the flowing Mexican cape. In Juan's case it was the cloak that had been his father's.

The road, wild, rough, in places little more than a track, slipped quickly behind the car that was built for such work, such roads. Perhaps the boy slept, leaning against the man who had first approached his mother. He had his rosary in his hand, and no doubt the others had the same, for there was little talk.

The frontier was crossed and they were undisturbed. No one was expected at that hour. At the church of their destination, there was a short parley, then one by one the men went to confession, and Juanito last of all.

The free people of the United States came to receive Holy Communion on the only day in the year when one Mass alone is said (the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified not being included) and the little Mexican boy, dressed all in white, was taken to be a First Communicant, which he certainly was.

The priest gave the wayfarers breakfast, and then High Mass was said, a beautiful ceremony, which the boy had never seen before. When it was over, and the church was empty again, the parish priest gave the boy the Sacred Burden he had come so far to seek, enclosed in a crystal lunette, and bade him guard it safely there, close above his heart, in the inside pocket of his little white tunic.

The return journey did not seem long to the small carrier of Christ. Bare-headed, his cloak discarded, or almost so, seated upright between the two men who occupied the back seat of the car, his mind went back over much that his mother had told him during the past months when she was preparing him for the Sacraments. He knew the story of St. Cristoforo, and now he, Juanito, was given the same privilege—he also carried Christ.

At last the country became familiar, the houses of the home-town came in view, and their own church was reached. Neither coming nor going had they been molested, and with head erect, his shoulders thrown back and hands crossed, as the priest had told him, on his heart, Juanito marched up the aisle, mounted the altar steps, climbed the little ladder which had been put there to enable him to reach the Tabernacle, which was open, and laid his precious Burden within. All was decked with flowers and lights, and now the altar boys swung their censers, and to the sounds of the familiar *Pange Lingua*, Juanito went away. Only an ordinary small boy now, but a very proud and happy one.

A priestless congregation filled the church for the rest of the day. They prayed, they sang, they kept a succession of candles burning so that the altar remained a blaze of light. At home, Juanito, in spite of his efforts to keep awake, fell asleep lying across his mother's knee, and there she held him, praying for him, for his father's soul, and oh so much, for Mexico. Then when evening fell, the white suit was carefully donned again and the church filled with crowds even greater than those which had filled it all day, again sang its canticles of praise.

This time, with sorrow mingled with the morning's pride, Juanito took back the lunette and its Divine Contents, and through the night the same car and the same guardians re-made the journey of the morning.

Very reluctantly Juanito allowed the cloak to be replaced around him. In fact it was only the assurance that the sight of a little boy, all in white, might rouse suspicion, made him resigned. He did so want to be an all-white carrier. All the time he sat upright, silent, as the car returned its difficult way to the American border. Jesus had visited him, and now the Sacramental Species again lay upon the same small heart. It seemed a long, long run, but when the destination was reached, sadly, reluctantly, the little carrier of Christ resigned his Charge. At the altar the priest took the lunette from the boy's hands, and

for a moment all who were present knelt in one final act of homage before returning whence they came.

Alone now, only a tired, commonplace little boy, Juanito slept against the shoulder of his neighbour in the car. It was midnight, before, only half-awakened, he was handed back to his mother. It was still the day, or rather the night after the day of his First Communion, and after all that had happened, life would never be quite the same again to the boy who had been the Cristofero of modern Mexico. It would hold something fuller than in the preceding days of his childhood, some great knowledge and understanding.

As Maria Concepcion put her boy to bed, he murmured something in his half-sleep, and putting down her head, the mother listened.

"Cristofero. I am Cristofero now" were the good-night words of little Juanito.

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Passionist Missions and Retreats

ENGLISH PROVINCE—JANUARY—MARCH, 1937.

St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, S.W.16	Fr. Benignus.
Cudworth, Yorks.	FF. Oswald and Paul Francis.
Sacred Heart, Liverpool Confraternities	Fr. Leonard.
St. Joseph's, Burslem-in-Trent, Staffs.	FF. Romuald and Alfred.
St. Marie's, Widnes, Lanes.	FF. Harold and Paulinus.
Rossington, Doncaster, Yorks.	Fr. Killian.
Sacred Heart, Leigh, Lanes.	FF. Leonard and Conleth.
Saltash, Cornwall	Fr. Alfred.
Holy Family, Witham, Essex	Fr. Oswald.
H.C.J. Convent, Sundridge, Sevenoaks, Kent	Fr. Leo.
Willington Quay, Northumberland	FF. Romuald and Clement.
St. Bernard's, Halifax, Yorks.	FF. Stanislaus and Paul Francis.
St. Marie's, Standish, Wigan	Fr. Benignus.
St. Mary's, Eccles, Manchester	FF. Joseph and Alfred.
Castle Eden, Durham	FF. Linus and Alphonsus.
Our Lady's, Farnborough, Hants.	Fr. Conleth.
St. Paulinus', Dewsbury, Yorks.	FF. Norbert and Leonard.
Willows, Kirkham, Lanes.	Fr. Fidelis.
St. Joseph's, W. Hartlepool, Durham	FF. Xavier, Alphonsus and Paulinus
St. Joseph's, Avenue Hoche, Paris	Fr. Harold.
Goldthorpe, Leeds	Fr. Conleth.
St. Patrick's, Wigan	Fr. Paul Francis.
Good Shepherd, Downham, Kent	FF. Ronan and Alfred.
St. Thomas More, Dulwich, E.	Fr. Arthur.
Holy Innocents, Orpington, Kent	Fr. Urban.
St. Joseph's, St. Mary-Cray, Kent	FF. Clement and Jeremias.
St. Lawrence, Sidecup, Kent	FF. Romuald and Reginald.
St. Stephen, Welling, Kent	FF. Killian and Canisius.
St. Augustine, Bellingham, S.E.16	Fr. George.
Morley, Leeds	Fr. Stanislaus.
St. Teresa's, Wolverhampton	Fr. Leonard.
Novices, Highgate Road Convent	Fr. Denis.
St. Peter's, Grimsby, Lincoln	Fr. Oswald.
St. Anselm's, Tooting Bec, S.W.17	Fr. Leo.
St. Walburga's, Shipley, Yorks.	Fr. Paul Francis.
Pupils, Mt. St. Joseph's, Deane, Bolton	Fr. Leo.

Catechism of the Passion

.....O.....

Translated
from the Italian
by a
Passionist Father



22. *What did Pilate wish to convey, when he washed his hands, and what did he actually do?* (Matt. xxvii, 24).

Pilate, by washing his hands, wished to imitate the ceremony in use among both Jews and Gentiles which proclaimed the exculpation of the judge when an innocent man had been found murdered. But Pilate only soiled his hands the more, for at that very moment he killed an innocent man, when he was completely competent to defend and to liberate him.

23. *How did God accept the defiance of the Jews: "His blood be upon us and upon our children"?* (Matt. xxvii, 25).

The defiance was received by God in the fullness of His anger. So spoke the prophet Daniel: "They will no longer be this, the people who deny Him. And a people with their leader (Titus) will destroy the city and the sanctuary, and its end will be desolation." And Roman history adds that in the war which followed, the children of the Jews were crucified in such numbers that there was dearth of wood for crosses.

24. *St. Matthew (xxvii, 44) says the thieves reproached Him. St. Luke (xxiii, 34) says that one of the thieves reproved the other who blasphemed. How do these two agree?*

The words of St. Matthew: "The thieves reproached Him," and those of St. Luke: "One of the thieves reproved the blasphemer" agree, either by taking the first phrase as a figure of speech, i.e., saying the whole for a part (as it is sometimes said "The accused men were swearing," when only one was doing so); or better still, by understanding that the good thief when he saw the wonderful example of patience given by Our Divine Redeemer, and still more when he heard Him pray for those who crucified Him and the enemies who had nailed Him

to the Cross, was converted and wanted to make reparation for his blasphemies.

25. *In Luke (xxiii, 34) Jesus excuses the Jews; in John (xix) He says that they are inexcusable. How is this to be explained?*

The words of Christ excusing the Jews, and those declaring that they are inexcusable, can be explained when we take note, with the Angelic Doctor, that the first sentence was spoken of the ordinary people—the man in the street—while the second sentence concerned the leaders—the educated—whose ignorance was voluntary and affected.

26. *Mark (xv) says that on Calvary many women watched Jesus from afar, among whom was Mary Magdalene. John (xix) says that Mary Magdalene and the others stood "by the Cross." How do they agree?*

The words of St. Mark: "Many women (among whom was Mary Magdalene) watched Jesus from afar" agree perfectly with those of St. John that Mary Magdalene and the others stood "by the Cross of Jesus," if we follow the opinion of St. Alphonsus, who says that when the women saw that Jesus had commenced His death-agony, they pushed forward courageously through the ranks of soldiers and drew near to the Cross that so they might console Christ at least by their looks, to reply to His prayers, to hear His last words and to gather the last drops of His Precious Blood.

27. *Why did Jesus on the Cross call Mary by the name of "Woman" and not "Mother"?*

Jesus on the Cross called Mary "Woman," not "Mother" (1) to confirm before all spectators that she was the great Woman promised by God in the Garden of Eden, who together with Him would gain victory over the devil; (2) to give an example of the observance of the fourth Commandment, for



THE LAST SUPPER.
From the Passion Play of Oberammergau.

the name "Woman" was a title of great respect and honour in the Hebrew language; (3) because Mary would have the tenderness of a mother also for us, whom in the person of St. John she received as her sons.

28. *How are we to understand the lament of Jesus:* THAT THE FATHER HAD ABANDONED HIM?

The lament of Jesus: "My God, my God, why hast Thou abandoned me?" is easily understood when we remember that they are the opening words of the twenty-first psalm, which is that which foretells His crucifixion in the most minute detail. As He drew near to death, Christ wished to teach us that we should prepare ourselves by prayer: at the same time He wished to soften the hearts of the Jews by recalling to their minds the prophecy which at that precise moment was being fulfilled.

29. *How can we understand the complaint of Jesus:* "I thirst," since He had already refused to drink the wine offered Him by the soldiers?

The complaint of Jesus: "I thirst" is well understood, when we reflect (1) that the torment of thirst also was predicted in the Messianic psalm XXIV,

16. Jesus recited this psalm in a low voice, and when He reached this verse, raised His voice not so much to complain of this torture—which doctors say is the greatest in cases of crucifixion—as to reply to the blasphemies of those who would say that He had an impassible body: (2) that He wished to express a spiritual not a bodily thirst, that is the desire to suffer still more for love of mankind; (3) with St. Augustine that Jesus thirsted that others might thirst for Him (*Sitit sitiri*—"He thirsted to be thirsted"). Jesus did not wish to drink the wine mingled with gall because it took away sensibility and deadened the intellect. When He asked to drink, it was the end of the holocaust, and it was vinegar which was offered to Him and not the ritual drink given to those who were condemned to this death.

30. *How do the words of Jesus:* "It is consummated" agree with those of the Apostle: "I fill up those things which are wanting of the Passion of Christ in my body"?

The words of Jesus: "It is consummated," are to be understood only as applying to Himself as Head of the

Church; the words of the Apostle, of himself as a member of the Church. For the Apostle in his Epistle to the Ephesians, makes it clear that Christ is Head of the Church, and that She is His Body, the complement of Him Who completes Himself in all. Therefore, the Apostle wished to say that to the Passion of Christ is wanting our passion and penance; to the Passion of the Head is wanting that of the members. The devil alone could suggest to Luther that we can sin cheerfully, relying on the Passion of Christ. Already the Apostle admonished us: "Shall we sin because we are subject to grace? God forbid!" (Rom. VI, 15).

31. *What is to be said of the Burial of Jesus if Mark (xvi) testifies that on the following day the Holy Women went with aromatic spices to anoint Him?*

The Burial was hurried and provisional, as is shown by St. Mark, where he attests that the following day the Holy Women went with aromatic spices to Anoint the Lord (*i.e.*, the day following the Parascève, the third day after the Burial). And it is shown even better in St. John—an eye-witness—who says: "There, therefore, because of the parascève of the Jews, they laid (not buried) Jesus; because the sepulchre was near at hand" (Jo. XIX, 42).

32. *Did Jesus dead and buried leave us His Image?*

Jesus dead and buried left us His

Image on the Sacred Winding-sheet in which He was wrapped by Joseph of Arimathea, as St. Luke tells us in his twenty-third chapter. This was a sign and seal of His love for us, and at the same time a proof of His Divinity and existence. Wrapped in the sacred linen, Jesus foresaw the blasphemies which would be repeated in the ensuing centuries, that He was only a religious genius, or even that He was only a myth, and He wished to leave a reply that only a living, true and omnipotent God could give; He imprinted on the Sacred Winding-sheet the image of His sorrowful and divinely majestic features, which give the impression, not of one dead, but rather of one who has peacefully fallen asleep. The Parisian Academy of Sciences pronounced the following verdict, 2nd April, 1908: "It was Christ Himself Who left His Impress on the Sacred Winding-sheet." Turin is the fortunate city which possesses this precious relic. It is preserved in the Basilica of St. John.

33. *Was the Passion of Jesus Christ necessary?*

It was necessary and fitting that Christ should suffer: (1) for our salvation; (2) for His greater glory; (3) to obey the Will of His Father (Jo. XVIII). The necessity of coercion is clearly excluded by these words of Christ: "No one takes My life from Me, but I lay it down of Myself" (Jo. X).

A Lament

Hadst thou but known the depths of My devotion!
How I have yearned for thee, ignoble thee
With Love as constant as the tidal motion
And yet reproached not thy inconstancy!

O, hadst thou known that Love Itself was calling
In every futile glance I turned to thee,
While phantoms were thy foolish heart enthralling—
So spendthrift of thy love for all save Me!

Now that thou knowest of My secret sorrow
Though thou shouldst come love-beggared to My shrine
Still, still I'll clasp thee and thou mayest borrow
Out of My love and give it back as thine.

P. J. McGUIGAN.

The Problem Page ~ FRANCES MacBRIDE

CHAPTER III.—*The Kind Haven.*

DIANA went into the hall, and lifted the receiver of the telephone. "Mayfair, 2324" she said, with her eyes fixed absently on the small army of workmen already stripping Grieve of her dearest possessions. "I wish to speak to Lieutenant Mayne." Pause. "Thank you!" Another pause. "That you, Teddy? This is Diana. The worst is over! Well, not exactly my old self as yet, but I hope to be very soon. I rang to tell you I am going to avail myself of the kind invitation at last. Oh, Teddy, it would help me greatly to be among friends for a bit. Will it be all right if I come along? Please break it to your mother, will you? I don't want to walk in on her, an unexpected guest."

Teddy's voice sounded the least bit abstracted as he replied: "Look here, darling, you go right along! I'm sure everything will be perfectly all right. You got my note? Excuse me rushing like this, won't you, but I've just had the most ghastly news—orders to rejoin my ship at once. It seems there's to be some kind of a shindy out East, and—well, you know, orders are orders in the Navy. I'll write, Diana, care of Mother. Keep your pecker up, won't you, and have a jolly time with Mum and Dad. Mum is great, she'll make you very happy, darling. So long, now, and all the best!"

Diana was smiling as she put down the receiver. That was so like Teddy, a dear, delightful, unspoiled lad. She was going to miss him terribly now that he was going back to the China seas.

Elizabeth came downstairs. "Miss Diana, what are you going to do?" She sat down in one of the hall chairs. "You don't know what this does to me, seeing you going about so restless and unhappy. Won't you make up your mind and give me an address where I can see you settled and send on your things?"

"Poor Elizabeth! It is a shame to worry you so. But now, everything is going to be quite all right. I'm going to stay at Mrs. Mayne's for a little."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Miss Diana! Will Mr. Edward be there?" Elizabeth's smile was a little sly.

"No, Mr. Edward has orders to rejoin his ship, but I believe I will manage to exist without him."

"I wish you and he were settling down for good and all," mused the old housekeeper. "He is a quiet, decent lad who's very fond of you."

"I like Teddy very much, Elizabeth, but as for marrying me, well, in the first place it has never occurred to me, and in the second place I'm sure it has never occurred to him!"

"What's to be will be, I suppose, Miss Diana. Shall I send on your things to Mayne's, then?"

"Yes, thank you, it might be just as well. They can't stay here with the place under the hammer."

The old woman bustled out, her black silk skirts swishing, and just as the door closed the telephone bell rang once, sharply. Diana turned back to answer it.

"Grieve Priory," she said. A woman's voice, clear and bell-like, came over the wires.

"Mrs. James Mayne's secretary speaking. My employer's compliments, and she wishes to inform Miss Diana Stainsforth that she is not at home."

Mystified, Diana could only say, "I beg your pardon?"

Patently, the sweet voice repeated the message:

"My employer's compliments, and she wishes to inform Miss Diana Stainsforth that she is not at home."

The receiver was replaced.

Silence.

SHE stood there a full minute before she too, replaced the receiver on its hook. As the import of the cruel message struck home, she swayed a

little, then sat down. In spite of the sun blazing down upon the hollyhocks outside the window, she shivered. She felt suddenly cold, as though every drop of blood had receded from her veins.

. . . . Mrs. James Mayne is not at home to Miss Diana Stainsforth of Grieve Priory. . . .

Of course, how stupid of her! She had forgotten that was no longer her title. She was now the daughter of a thief and suicide; presently she would be able to add another—that of outcast.

Thief and suicide! Yet Teddy had said: "You go along, darling, I'm sure everything will be quite all right. Mum will be kind to you." Fool, that she was, why had she been so blind? Why had she not seen that wealth was the only power on earth? She was not a thief. She had never done a dishonourable action in her life; she had not changed since that tragic hour that had bereaved her of father, home and substance. Yet in Mrs. Mayne's eyes, she was guilty of that most unpardonable of all crimes—she was poor, and she was the daughter of a man who had been foolish enough to allow himself to be found out.

Diana Stainsforth was old for her eighteen years; her teachers had often remarked upon her extraordinary intelligence and swift understanding of things normally beyond her ken; yet in these few dreadful moments Diana found she still had a great many things to learn about life. She had walked the way a little child would walk, as though life were a fair, sweet garden where all the flowers were hers for the choosing, where friendly hands were near to help her over rough paths, where no storm or shadow would ever dare enter. The tragic death of her father and her subsequent losses had shaken that gay confidence badly, but now, the crowning blow had fallen. She, who had never been afraid of anything, knew fear—for the first time—bewildering, terrorising fear of what lay before her in the future shadows, and there was no gleam, no

friendly face to light the path. This dire need of human friendship was uppermost in her mind; strange, she gave no thought to things material, although she knew she was in dire peril of want, real, concrete want. Teddy Mayne had been the dearest friend she had had; his family had been a secure comfortable background where one might take shelter; but now Teddy was miles away, and a sudden storm had swept the friendly background into a heap of ruin from which she shrank in terror. She sat there with her hand covering her eyes, planning hastily. She must get away from here and all the things that had hurt her so cruelly, away from the pity, as well as the scorn. Her father's death had been a sword in her heart that was causing her infinite pain; but this insult was the blow of a whip across the face, something that aroused all that was bitter in her own nature.

She sat there and writhed at her own impotence to make those who had hurt her, suffer as she was suffering now.

"Why, Miss Diana, not ready to go yet?" asked Elizabeth, bustling in with most of Diana's luggage.

"I'm not going to Mayne's," she said. "I have changed my mind. Put my things in the Left Luggage Office and I'll call for them when I want them."

"But where are you going to stay?" asked Elizabeth.

"I don't know. That is the truth. I don't know."

"Miss Diana, I know I'm only a servant, but I have a clean, comfy little home down in the New Forest. If so be you can't fix your mind, perhaps you could use my place for a little while?"

"Elizabeth, you are terribly kind, but the time has come for me to stand on my own feet. I'm going to get a place, somewhere away from this town, and then I'll go and give my address to Mr. Styles. When I am settled I'll write. Good-bye, Elizabeth."

The old housekeeper looked as though she would have said more, but this Miss

Diana was not the lonely child who had cried her heart out on Elizabeth's breast, so she held her peace.

DIANA STAINSFORTH walked out of Grieve Priory for the last time as quietly and unobtrusively as though she were going to town on a shopping expedition. The stationmaster saluted her and put her into a carriage. Would he have been quite so courteous had he known the truth? she asked herself bitterly.

Arrived in town, she decided to go first to the lawyer's office to ask him to place her monthly allowance in the Post Restante where she could call for it when she wished, as she could not give him a fixed address at present. To her surprise, he appeared very glad to see her.

"I was just about to write to Grieve to obtain some knowledge of your whereabouts," he said. "Since my visit I have come into possession of facts which may be of some interest to you. There is one piece of property bearing the name of Stainsforth which does not come under the hammer like the rest. This piece of property was really your mother's, to be held in trust for you when you came of age. It is a five-roomed cottage called Quain, built in a village called Goose Common, in Sussex. It is fully furnished, has all the modern conveniences and a resident caretaker who keeps the property in tip-top order. I understand your parents spent their honeymoon there because some alterations were being made to Grieve. For that reason perhaps, your mother had always a very great love for Quain, and would not hear of its being sold when they no longer had any need for it. Now, it just struck me that you could live very comfortably at Quain, because it would be entirely rent-free. One could live much cheaper in the country, too, and this would be the only drain on your small resources. What do you think, Miss Stainsforth?"

"I think it is an excellent plan, and I am so glad I came in just now. As a matter of fact, I could not make my

mind up where to go, and this solves my problem," she answered, even achieving a smile, though it was but a wintry one.

"That's fine," said Mr. Styles. "I hope you are keeping well?" he added, looking compassionately at the pale, white face before him. As a man, he was not given to questioning the decrees of fate, being content to take things as they came; nevertheless, he felt there was something wrong in a world when a child like Diana had to face life with such terrible obstacles before her.

"Oh, yes, thank you, I am quite well. I'm very glad about this news of the cottage, for London is so dreadful in this heat, don't you think? Can I go soon?"

"You can go to-day, if you wish. I can easily wire the housekeeper to expect you. I believe there is a train leaving shortly after five, and with luck you can get a connection to Goose Common. It is not easy to get at, you know. It is away in the wilds. Perhaps it might be better if I wrote down directions for you."

WHEN she left Mr. Styles' office ten minutes later, armed with the minute directions, she felt suddenly lighter in heart. She went to the Left Luggage Office and gave instructions for the despatch of her possessions to Quain. She wired Elizabeth with a final warning not to worry about her, and at last, shortly after five, she boarded the train that was taking her out of her old life forever.

She watched the grey monster that was London slipping past. "I shall never come back to this city again," she said, and the words were as a vow. She meant it, too. The place was connected now in her mind with humiliation and grief and dishonour of the most acute kind; sorrow so terrible that it blotted out completely the memory of happy days she once knew.

She leaned back with a sigh of relief and closed her eyes. She was awakened by the porter calling

"Pantegg Halt! All change for Goose Common!" Rising hastily, she changed into the small local train with the rest of the passengers, mostly farmers and their wives, with market-women and labourers from the fields. The engine puffed up the single track as though conscious of its own importance. Nothing hurried it, it took its own sedate, slow way across the plains. Diana, who once had chafed if the train were not an express, found herself enjoying the experience. A fellow-passenger, an old egg-woman, shared a simple meal with her; a slice of delicious home-made bread, and a rich, juicy apple. The long hours passed pleasantly enough, until at last the tiny train steamed up a hill, puffed across a down or two, topped a gentle rise, and there lay the village of Goose Common, dreaming in starlight.

The sky was filled with that mysterious light that belongs to a night in summer when there is no real darkness. The lamps glowing in the windows of the little houses served but to add to the serene twilight. When the train had gone and she had delivered her ticket, the collector locked up the station and plodded off homeward, whistling merrily. Diana stood there in the station approach, listening to his footsteps receding into the night. She felt she must stand there for a few moments, just to savour all the lovely things claiming her attention. The sky, jewelled with a thousand stars; the little houses with the friendly lamps; the meadows white as snow with great moon daisies; the scent of turned earth, and pinewoods, and gardens filled with stock, and the keen tang of salt from the far-off sea when the wind came in from the west; each had its own loveliness to charm her, but it was the silence that held Diana's soul captive.

IT had been quiet at Grieve, but it was a quiet that accentuated the fact that you were but fifteen miles from town. Cars passed day and night on the broad highway not far from the Priory grounds; aeroplanes droned like

lazy bees overhead on their regular flights across the Channel; the telephone had been another door letting in friend as well as foe; but here in the wilds. . . . She took off her hat and began walking up the white road that led to the village. A cow lowed. The sharp, poignant notes of a nightingale went to her heart. These were not sounds, she told herself, they were a part of the deep, peaceful, friendly silence that gathered a tortured mind into its own enveloping darkness. In a cottage doorway a man leaned, smoking a bedtime pipe. Beside him in the gloom, the white waxen blossoms of a Madonna lily gleamed.

"Excuse me," said Diana, "but can you tell me where a house called Quain is?" The man touched a red forelock, and gesticulated with his pipe. "Along past the crossroads, Miss. Second house on your left. Can't pass it, as that's the last place in the village. Good-night, Miss," he said, in his gentle Sussex accent.

The house that was her very own emerged from the shadows. She pushed open the gate dividing garden from roadway and entered, nearly colliding with a woman hurrying down the flagged path. Both stopped. It was the woman who recovered herself first.

"You'll be Miss Stainsforth, the new tenant? Mr. Styles wired me you were coming, but as it is now so late I thought you wouldn't be till morning. I'm Maggie Kennedy, the caretaker, at your service, Miss."

"Thank you," said Diana, surveying the small, dark woman with inward pleasure. "I hope I'm not putting you to any inconvenience, coming so late."

"Indeed, then, Miss, and it would take a lot more than that to put Maggie Kennedy out! The place is all ready for your coming, down to the very sheets on your bed, aired this afternoon in the sun. Now, pardon me, while I lock the gate. There's no need at all, Miss, I assure you, but as my Dan used to say—and him in his grave this ten years—never take no risks."

Diana followed her voluble guide up the path. There was a green door with a curious knocker, which she promised herself she would examine later. In the hall, a lamp shed an amber glow that was infinitely pleasing and homely, falling as it did on panelled walls, a shining oak floor, and rich, dark furniture.

"You must be starved, Miss, dear. Go on now, up to your room, and rest, while I get you something to eat."

"Don't trouble now, Mrs. Kennedy," returned Diana. "Indeed, I am more tired than hungry. A glass of milk will do, thank you."

"Very good, Miss," said the housekeeper, vanishing through a green baize door with an agility and silence that were amazing.

DIANA went upstairs, and found her room. She took off her coat, sat down and surveyed the chamber. It was large and low, with two great windows and a fireplace, which no doubt in winter would be piled high with blazing logs. The room was plainly furnished in walnut, which matched the oak that seemed everywhere, even crossing the cream-coloured ceiling in heavy beams. There was a vase on the dressing-chest and another on the table by the bed, each holding tall spikes of lilac, and the fragrance was all about the cool room. She rose and opened the door, and found a small, but very efficiently-equipped bathroom, at which she was smiling in pure content when Maggie returned with a tray covered with a white cloth, which she placed on the table.

"Come now, Miss dear, set to and eat, you must be weak with hunger," she said, pulling forward a chair, and uncovering the tray in an inviting manner. Several chicken sandwiches temptingly thin were there and a glass of milk with the cream on top. Diana sat down feeling a sudden hunger for that dainty repast. She was still

wondering about the peculiarity of Mrs. Kennedy's accent, when it just dawned on her.

"You are not Sussex born, are you?" she asked.

Mrs. Kennedy had knelt down, and began taking off Diana's shoes, fitting her with a pair of her own slippers. She laughed, and her laughter had a delightful sound.

"Indeed, and I'm not Sussex. I'm Irish, and all my people before me. Fitzgerald was my name before Daniel Kennedy put a ring on me, and brought me across the water to make both our fortunes. Fortunes? 'Tis well, indeed, Miss, we can't see what's before us, for now he's dead this ten years, and here I am taking care of a stranger's home and calling it my own. Ah, well!"

She got up and began setting the bed ready for the night, turning down spotless covers, laying out linen, just as though she had been doing it for Diana for years. The girl saw a tear, diamond bright, in her eye.

"Do you sleep here?" asked Diana, finishing the dainty meal to the last crumb.

"Yes, Miss, I have a little room of my own off the kitchen, where I am very comfortable. If you are finished now, Miss, I'll just take the dishes, and wish you a good night's rest!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Kennedy, and good-night."

Ten minutes later Diana noticed that the spotless pillow cases were trimmed with hand-made crochet lace, and that there was lettering of some kind on them. She brought the lamp nearer, and made out the words: "Sleep, love, sleep."

The smile that came to Diana's face was still there when she slipped between the cool, linen sheets, and felt the fragrance of lilac in her nostrils. Downstairs, Mrs. Kennedy locked up and sought her own room. Down in the village a dog bayed the moon. Silence.

. . . Sleep, love, sleep. . .

NEXT MONTH :

CHAPTER IV.—"Whatever thy right hand. . ."

CORRESPONDENCE

R.C. MISSION, MAHUADANR,
P.O., MAHUADANR,
DT. PALAMU,
Via, DALTONGANJ,
BRITISH INDIA.
19th January, 1937.

DEAR REV. FATHER,

You will be surprised to receive my letter. Well, what leads me to write to you is my extreme need to spend my free time, after the day's hard labour, in the evening in reading and getting some news if possible.

I am in a far-off new Mission Station, among the uneducated pagans, many whom of late I converted in Catholic religion. Besides, I am separated from all the other Mission Stations by high hills and continuous mountains. So all the communications are cut off. If I write or ask for anything from the neighbouring station, it takes three or four days to carry the news, passing through the infested forests, with dangerous wild animals: therefore, no one wishes to go alone or pass the forests.

Besides, in rainy season I cannot have this communication even, because there are numberless and dangerous rivers, which remain full, and no means to cross them.

Once a Father sent me your magazine *The Cross Annual*. I find it very nice, and interesting, much matter for meditation even. Very often I take points for my meditation from *The Cross*.

So I would like to read regularly, but unhappily, I cannot subscribe for it, because I have no means. So if you could get someone who would, after reading, forward it to me, I would be much obliged to you. In my Mission Station I have very few books, practically only my theology books, so no other reading matter, even for spiritual books. If you could get me even second-hand books, spiritual books, I would be very thankful to you.

It seems the book *Mystical Flowers from Calvary* has nice daily meditations. Is it possible to get a second-hand copy of it?

I sincerely thank you in anticipation.

Yours Sincerely in J.Xt.

(REV.) ELIAS KERKETTA,

.....@.....

Easter Customs in Malta

By a resident in Malta

When Good Friday comes this month, Malta will be at the end of her Lent. Throughout the island, the Faithful celebrate the Death Anniversary of Our Lord with all the appropriate functions of the Catholic Church. Yet there still exist many curious Easter customs of traditional interest, to which the Maltese are fondly addicted.

Vast crowds gather in Valetta, the main town, or in the surrounding villages, on Good Friday afternoon, to witness the long and picturesque processions which take place each year. The symbolic significance of these processions is the representation of the Agony and Death of Our Lord. Seven statues are borne and carried through some of the streets of Valetta, each representing a stage of the Passion.

Another thing quite interesting to note is the great belief of the Maltese in the powerful effect of special graces which have been conceded by means of these prayers. So, throughout the procession, one sees among the religious bodies which accompany each statue, hundreds of these devotees, some of them clad in a long white robe entirely hooded and bare-footed, whilst others who are also clad in a red tunic, with a rope wound round their waist, bear large wooden crosses on their shoulders.

Another event worthy of note is that which occurs on Easter Sunday morning. Early at dawn, whilst the town is still in its slumbers, a long procession is seen chanting its way through the streets of Valetta. It consists of a long line of religious groups, monks and priests, at the end of which a statue representing the Resurrection of Christ, is borne.

Now, at a certain spot there comes a hush from the crowds outlining the pavement. The bearers carrying the statue have stopped, whilst the procession continues its way, chanting hymns to the joyous peals of the adjacent churches. Few minutes pass during which a relief gang changes place with the bearers. Suddenly a roar goes up from the crowds. The bearers, carrying the statue on their shoulders, are running at break-neck speed for a stretch of one hundred yards among the jubilant shouts of the crowds. At the termination of their short run they are again rejoined by the procession. This is called the traditional Easter Race in Malta, and it symbolises an old custom which has been repeating itself for years.

WILLIAM J. ATTARD.

Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

USURY AND INTEREST.

What is the attitude of the Church towards usury, the charging of interest on loans, and commercial speculation generally?—"X.Y.Z." (Dublin).

The Church now, as always, condemns usury. The meaning, however, of usury has changed. Formerly the Church considered the charging of interest on money loans, or any fungible article (something which is consumed by the use of it) usurious. This was because money was considered as a fungible. It was regarded merely as a medium of exchange. Consequently, if money was loaned it was considered usurious, and therefore unlawful, for the one who made the loan to charge anything over and above the amount of the loan. Otherwise he was demanding more than he had loaned, and was being paid twice for the same thing; the amount of the loan, and extra money for the use of the money.

In recent times, however, elements have entered into this question which substantially change the nature of such contracts. Nowadays usury is considered by both the Church and the State as the charging of *excessive* interest on money loans. Money is no longer regarded as a mere fungible and medium of exchange, but as capital. It has value over and above its intrinsic worth, due to the financial situation of the time. And the Church in her Canon Law recognises the lawfulness of demanding interest for the use of money. Canon 1543 says: "If a fungible article be so given to another that it becomes his, and afterwards as much is restored in the same kind, no gain can be received on account of the contract *itself*; but in the lending of a fungible it is not in itself unlawful to make an agreement about the lawful interest, unless it is certain that it is immoderate, or even about a greater interest, if there be a just and proportionate title."

Commercial speculation is a species of gaming contract, like betting. In itself it is as lawful as betting, but it becomes evil when unjust means are employed, such as making a corner on the market by spreading false reports. For many men commercial speculation may become an evil because of the danger that they will lose what is necessary for the decent support of their families.

ACTION IN DOUBT.

What standard should one follow when in doubt as to the morality of an action, which must be performed under circumstances when it is quite impossible to ask for advice?—"Doubtful" (Co. Cork).

If the action can be avoided or postponed you must do so, until you find out the truth of the matter. If the action cannot be avoided or postponed, but something must be done, you must form for yourself a practically certain conscience concerning

the morality of the act, and do it or omit it, as the case may be. If of two courses of action, in the last instance, both appear to be evil, choose which you think is the lesser evil.

CAPITALISM: A MORAL EVIL?

Is not Capitalism a moral evil under modern conditions?—"Worker" (Dublin).

Capitalism, or the use of money as an instrument of production, rather than of exchange, is not in itself a moral evil, but a good. It is as necessary for the conduct of business as labour. Capitalism becomes evil when it employs unjust means for the prosecution of its ends, such as crushing out of existence legitimate competitors, influencing legislation by bribery, denying labour the right to organise for self-protection, and paying workmen less than a just wage. The words of Pope Pius XI upon this subject should be borne in mind: "... the system itself is not to be condemned. And surely it is not vicious of its very nature; but it violates right order whenever Capital so employs the working or wage-earning classes, as to divert business and economic activity entirely to its own arbitrary will and advantage, without any regard to the human dignity of the workers, the social character of economic life, social justice and the common good." (Encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*).

DANCING DURING LENT.

Is it a sin to dance during Lent?—B. A. (Dublin).

Dancing, like many forms of amusement, is not sinful in itself. It becomes good or bad according to the motive which urges a person to dance, and from the manner in which the dance is performed. There are some dances which are nothing but occasions of sin. Dancing in Lent is also lawful in itself, since it is forbidden by no law of the Church. It is, however, contrary to the spirit of mortification proper to the Lenten season; and it is certainly the mind of the Church that her children should abstain from such pleasures during Lent. In Ireland, the holding of dances during Lent is opposed both by custom and strong Catholic tradition. One who takes his religion seriously and reflects on the necessity of doing penance will enter into the spirit of the Church during Lent, and will try to retrench his pleasures for love of Jesus Crucified.

JUDGE RUTHERFORD.

Who is Judge Rutherford, whose name appears on certain booklets which are being distributed in this district?—"Perplexed" (Co. Kildare).

You will find some account of Judge Rutherford in the "Editorial Notes" of last month's issue of *The Cross*.

Book Reviews

FORGOTTEN SHRINES. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., M.A., F.S.A. London: Jointly published by Macdonald & Evans and Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. 413 pages and 90 illustrations. 12s. 6d.

History for the most part makes dry reading. Attention is focussed on great issues, and a general survey is all that is aimed at. The human touch is lacking. The world is always out-of-doors as it were, living its life in the throng. It walks from the parliament house to the battlefield and back to parliament again. It sits in crowded courtrooms, spends a while at a scaffold, till the courthouse opens again. It is happy and sad, prosperous and poor, despairing and hopeful. It eats, sleeps, loves and dies, but is never at home. How interesting and much more satisfying it is then to have history brought home to us, to study the effects of great movements and great tragedies upon individual lives.

This Dom Bede Camm has done in *Forgotten Shrines*, which, as the sub-title tells us, is "an account of some old Catholic Halls and Families in England and of Relics and Memorials of the English Martyrs." He has told us the story of the awful years of the persecution of the Church in England in an intimate and moving way. He has peopled the old castles, halls and manors once again with living men and women, and from the ruins of to-day has reconstructed the sorrows and glories of the past. Lack of space alone prevents me from quoting at length from this marvellous book, but a brief review of the chapter titles will prove its worth: "The Tragedy of the Fitzherberts" is the story of the grand old English family of Norbury Hall, their fight for the Faith, and the treachery of a son who betrayed his own father. "An Oxford Martyr" describes the "adventures" of George Napier, one thrilling episode tells of him being searched by one of the Queen's constables. About his neck were hung a pyx case containing the Blessed Sacrament and a small bag of relics. As the search commenced, the knot of the cord about his neck loosened. The case and bag slipped down, lodged at the knee of his breeches, and escaped the vigilance of the searchers. "In a Martyr's Footsteps" is an account of some Lancashire traditions of Ven. Edmund Arrowsmith, S.J., in which is told many interesting adventures and his escape from the "Old Blue Anchor Inn." Other titles are: "The Skull of Wardley Hall," "The Secret Treasure of Chaigley," "Woodcock Hall" and "The Martyr's Altar," which are sufficiently vivid to suggest their own tale.

The book itself is gigantic in proportions and quite the best value for 12s. 6d. I have ever come across. It was published originally at 30s., the present edition unabridged.

OCCASIONAL SERMONS. By Rev. Vincent Byrne, S.J. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Ltd. Pp. 309. 5s.

We always find books of sermons most unsatisfying as reading matter. The perso-

nalities of the preacher, the delicate commentaries of voice and gesture are wanting, and however much we try to preach them to ourselves we fail to reproduce the atmosphere in which they were delivered. The present book is no exception. Father Byrne has held many audiences attentive, over a goodly number of years from many pulpits up and down the country. The contents of the volume under review range over a wide field, embracing "The Mystery of Transubstantiation," "Sermons on the Seven Words," Panegyrics on most of the well-known Jesuit Saints, SS. Patrick and Columbeille, Charity Sermons, Sermons for the Blessing of a church bell and a new organ, the Immaculate Conception, and the Kingship of Christ. Those who have appreciated Fr. Byrne's eloquence in the pulpit will indeed find this book an admirable souvenir, and those who do enjoy sermon reading will take much pleasure from these simple, well-constructed and devotional discourses.

Three Pamphlets: **Communist Operations in Spain.** By G. M. Godden. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, 2d.; **The Martyrdom of Spain.** By Senor D. Isidore Goma Tomas, D.D. Duffy & Co., 3d.; **Fascism? or Communism or What?** By Most Rev. Daniel Cohalan, D.D., 2d.

Spain is much in the news these days. The editorial and letter columns of the daily press have much to say on the subject. In all such crises wild statements are made and unconsidered judgments given the weight of authority, until the man in the street despairs of ever hearing the truth. These little pamphlets, the three of them costing only 7d., will do much to make the issues clear and help to a better understanding of what the Spanish War is, and what its combatants stand for. Although Dr. Cohalan's pamphlet does not give judgment on Spain directly, he writes with one eye on that unhappy land. His booklet is a critical examination of the philosophies behind the conflict. It is clear, concise and complete. Its importance will be judged from the fact that the Editor of the *Universe* devoted his whole editorial space to it a few weeks ago. Mr. Godden's book, on the other hand, deals definitely with Spain, and gives a splendid summary of the beginnings and causes of the War. The last pamphlet is truly the cry from the heart of a great Spaniard pleading for sympathy and understanding with a suffering people. Senor Tomas is the Cardinal-Primate of Spain and Archbishop of Toledo. This is a pastoral letter written to answer questions put to him about the Civil War and to explain the Church's attitude. This trilogy, bought, read and digested, will guide opinion on the right lines.

Other Booklets.

Mary's Cavalier, by Rev. Osmund Thorpe, C.P., is a new pamphlet Life of St. Gabriel, and makes a companion to the already popular "Life of Bl. Gemma Galgani" (6d.) by the same author.

ÁR NAOMH 1 SCÉIN

CUIR CARA DÍLIS CÚSAM CUMNTAS DO SCRÍOB SAGART ÓS AR SAOTAR NAOMH NA NGAÉDEAL I DTÍORTAIB IASACHTA. CUIRFEAD CUIRO DE OS BÚR SCOMHAIR MUNA PÉIROIR LIOM É GO LÉIR DO TABAIRT DÍB.

Is mó dume naomhta (deir sé) d'fás an tír seo agus a cuairt go dtí mór-roinn na hEorpa as craobhscaoileadh ríogaíochta Dé, ac ní móide go bfuil domne orra is doirde clú, sus an lá moíú féin, ná Colmán nó Columbanus mar a deirtear leis 'sa Láróm. Rugadh i n-Iar-Laignib é, timcheall na bliana 540, agus is i mBeannchor a fuair sé múineadh agus tabairt suas. Nuair bhí sé 'na ógánach doob' éadtae an cíocras a bhí air cun foghlama, agus ar mbeir sa mámistir dó, do cuairt sé ar aghaidh comh-éagsaíocht sin pé cúing an éiríochta i bhpoitíneacht gach fírinne gur sárúis sé go luath an uile dume dá comh-bráitrib i nGach subailce.

Comh luath agus a bhí sé lán-oilte ar diaict agus ar ileolus, do gab mian é briaíochas Dé do sheanmóinib i n-áit éigin nár eualatas pós a glór bhinn-íochtae. Dá bhrí sin, d'innis sé leis anonn go Sasana agus daréas compánach 'na teannta. Ní mór an moill a d'eimeadar 'sa tír sin ac bailiú leo anonn go dtí an fhrainc, mar ar éomadar ar an soisgéal do cur os comhair na ndaoine

ins gach don éadair agus baile mór n-ar éanadar. "An muiníntir a bhí suirte i ndoicéadas agus i sgáil an báis," b'fíne é uair a éomadar solus mór, nuair a éosnuis Colmán ar eolus a slánúishte do tabairt dóib.

Ní raib ór ná airgead as na misméirí ó éirínn agus ní luí na bhí don gá aca leis. Ní raib de maom saogalta aca ac a gcuid leabhar agus iad caite éar a nualamh aca ar síleadh le 'na ndorom i máilínib leatáir. Dacai teanna 'na lámhaib, misneach agus muingin a Dia 'na gcroíochib. Táinig Colmán agus a buidéan deas measg daoine leat-barbarta, daoine ná raib puinn de éoraí na Críostaríochta le tabairt pé ndeara 'na mbeatair, agus cuir sé an saogal go léir taob tuathail i n-áirde orra. Bhois na h-aspaill éireannacha boct, leat-noct agus ríachtamísí na colna i n-easnamh orra go minic. Seanmóin innce féin ab'eadh an beata éiríochtae a caiteois, agus labradh Colmán comh fuinneamhaib, fórsaí agus 'na diairí sin comh caiteamhaíoch san nár bhéiríoch dá luath éisteachta gan rud do d'éanamh air agus iompáil cun Dé ó 'na ndoicéadachta.

Deir a tuille de scéal Colmán agusinn, le congnamh Dé.

MUIRIS NA MÓNA.

"An Maigdean Shlórmar."

Aistriúcan é seo a rinne an t-Ad. Conn Ó Mongáin, C.S.S.R. ar "The Glories of Mary" le Naomh Alphonse Liguori. Tá clú agus cáil ar an mbun leabhar ó scríobhadh é agus tá sé aistriúchte i nGach teangaim Eorpach beagnach agus ba ró mhoíoch é cur ar fásail i nGaeilge. Leabhar a d'eimeann cur síos ar an Maigdom Mhuire é, ar a subailce, an cion atá aici ar an gcine daonna agus go h-áiríste a trócaire do'n peacach.

Tá molaíocht mór agus buiréachas tuillte as an tAd. Ó Mongáin mar gheall ar a feabhas is atá an t-aistriúcan déanta aige. Tá an Gaeilge go simplíoch ná d'úrta soileishte comh maith is dá mba'r sa nGaeilge a scríobhadh ó tús é—Seo sompla: "Níl as teastáil uainn

cun ár n-anna do sábháil ac go gcuirfeadh an Maigdean Shlórmar sum ionainn. Má labhrann sí focail le n-a Mac ar ár son ní beiríoch baogal orainn. Leisprí Mac Dé isteach in-a ríogaíocht féin sinn, nuair a beiríoch réir le calaois is le cruaitéan an tsaoigáil seo."

Deir an leabhar seo an-áiseach do sagairt agus do dhiairí óga an lae moíu. Tá daoine ann agus is minic iad as fásail loct ar an Eaglais as uct a laigeadh is atá sí a d'éanamh ar son na Gaeilge. Molaim dóib an leabhar so a d'eannaíocht agus sa gcaoi sin a saotar a cuiriúghadh leis an tAd. Conn agus misneach a tabairt do sagairt eile aitrís a d'éanamh air san sár-obair atá déanta aige ar son Mhuire, Daimríochan na h-Éireann, agus ar son na Gaeilge.



The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

THE boisterous winds of March, lit with sudden bursts of sunshine, blowing over the hills and stirring the daffodils and early blossoms of the year, proclaim that Spring is making headway. The little touches of green, and the glistening buds on the twigs amongst the great branches, make us rejoice in anticipation of their greater glory in the coming days, while the golden shimmer of the tall trumpet daffodils, swaying in the garden and stretches of lawn, are a joy to behold, and as the days go by the pale primroses and the wild violets grow more numerous in the dykes and mossy places. How the sight of so many beautiful things uplifts the heart and gladdens the mind ! We find the little shamrock, too, twining on the river banks—long trails of real shamrock that we love—and we think of St. Patrick and his glorious work for Faith and Motherland. In this month will come the beautiful Eastertide, the season of the Resurrection and hope, and our joy should know no bounds as we greet our Risen Saviour with souls cleansed of sin, and hearts brimming over with love and gratitude for His great gifts to us on His Resurrection morn.

MY POST BAG.

This month again there are many fine things packed into my post bag, and my heart is full of pleasure as I read the interesting and delightful letters and essays of my boys and girls. At the top of my pile of correspondence is a charming letter from our old friend, MARY PALMER, whose beautiful essays used to give me so much joy. I am glad she is back again at school. Indeed, I thought it such a pity that she had to give up her studies. A good education is a great asset, and I hope Mary will make the most of her school years. Please remember me to Nora and the boys. Where is Patrick these times ?

Has he forgotten *Francis* ? From Glasgow comes another little girl, ALICE COWAN, dancing along with the spring sunshine and calling to us to open our doors to receive her. Alice is very warmly welcome, and we hope she will enter for our competitions and capture some of our "wonderful prizes" as she calls them. A bright little note from BETTY KENNY tells of her delight in being a member of St. Gabriel's Guild. Doubtless our beloved Patron has already blessed her with the gift of joy. LILY WOODS is most appreciative of her prize book and thinks it very beautiful. I do hope she and all my Arklow members will write frequently and find a wealth of happiness in our corner.

NEWCOMERS FROM MOUNTRATH.

Our friends in the Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, are always to the fore, and are amongst the most loyal of our Guild members. This month EITHNE EARLIE introduces a crowd of the new pupils and each and every one of us joins in welcoming them into the cosiest nook in our Guild. We have already enrolled SHEILA COOKE, BIDDY QUINN, MARY WILLIAMS, BERNIE NORMOYLE, CLAIRE WHELAN and EITHNE EARLIE. I hope they will shed their light on the Guild and make us

IMPORTANT.

(1) Newcomers will please write a personal note to *Francis*, apart from their competition paper, asking for admission to the Guild.

(2) A Badge of St. Gabriel will be awarded to each member who enrolls five new members.

(3) Put your name, address and age on the COMPETITION PAPER ; enclose the Guild Coupon, and see that the correct amount of postage is paid.

(4) Address your letters to : "*Francis*," Guild of St. Gabriel, THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.

merry and happy. ELEANOR DARGAN, of Glasgow, is a garden-lover, and has planted many bulbs. She is busy watching their progress, and is now experiencing the thrill of seeing her very own daffodils and other Eastertide blossoms, unfolding their beauty and making her garden gay. Eleanor is delighted with her badge, and has shown it to all her young friends. She is an ardent worker for St. Gabriel's Guild and now introduces two more little girls—PATRICIA MCINTEE and MARY LEACY, who are as welcome to Gabriel's Guild as the happy sunbeams are to Eleanor's flowers. I hope they will be ever faithful members. I am grateful for their letters and shall be watching out for their essays in the near future. Another newcomer from Mountrath, MARY WILLIAMS, is also very joyfully received into our midst. It is good to see our Guild making so many friends and to hear of what joys and blessings our members are daily receiving through the hands of our own St. Gabriel, who is constantly watching over them day and night. What a glorious thing it is to be one of his very own children and to know that he guards us in a special manner. In a letter overflowing with enthusiasm, CATHERINE MCFERRAN sings the praises of *The Cross Annual*. She enumerates all the stories that pleased her and wonders how the Editor managed to get such a splendid amount of material into one book. Our dear Editor certainly deserves a big cheer from all of us for his magnificent production. *The Cross Annual* is a magazine to keep and treasure for always. "I want to give you my sincerest thanks for the lovely prize you sent me," says MARY McANDREW. "It is a beautiful book, and I am very grateful for it." Little MARY McANDREW's essay was well worthy of the prize, and I trust St. Gabriel will send her many prizes in the days to come. How did you like your visit to Mount Argus, Mary? A fine long essay comes from EITHNE MARRON, in the course of which she says: "When St. Patrick, our National Apostle, came to this country first to spread the True Faith, he was one day preaching at Tara to a multitude of people on the mystery of the Blessed Trinity. Though the people were listening very attentively, they could not fully

grasp the meaning of his words. He was at a loss for something to make himself more clear. Happening to look at his feet, he saw growing there a lowly little plant. Stooping down, he plucked it, and holding it aloft, showed it to the crowd. 'Look at this little plant,' he cried, 'there are three little leaves on it and yet there is only one shamrock here. It is the same with the Blessed Trinity; there are three Persons in it but only one God.' The people believed, and then St. Patrick blessed the little shamrock for the assistance it had given him." Is not that a beautiful story, my children? and how precious the little shamrock should be to us all!

THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "The Birds in Springtime" the prize is awarded to BIDDY QUINN, *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Leix*.

In the competition for the best essay on "The Shamrock and its Associations" the prize goes to EITHNE MARRON, *Annagheane, Scotshouse, Clons*.

A Badge of St. Gabriel is awarded to EITHNE EARLIE, *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Leix*.

APRIL COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "The Beauties of April."

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "My Favourite Saint."

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "The Flowers of Spring."

SEND BEFORE MARCH 10TH.

St. Gabriel's Guild

COUPON MAR., 1937

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